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SPRING.

BY EDITH PRINCE.

The Earth, awakened from her wintry sleep,
Calls Nature forth her carnival to keep,
No longer meanly clad, but now arrayed
In tenderest greens, and richly varied shade.

The budding hedgerows ope their leaflets gay,
The woodbines flaunt, the hawthorn spreads its spray,
While violets cluster in the flowery dale,
And birds new-mated warble in the vale.

The twittering swallow and the babbling rill
Re-echo to the speckled throstle's trill;
Lambs, plaintive bleating, roam o'er lea and fell,
Or sportive strip the thickets in the dell.

Fair blooms the daffodil, the fairy reed
Begirts the sedgy rim of spring-decked mead,
Laden with king-cup gay and daisy white,
Tipt with a rosy glow of halcyon light.

The silvery dew yet kissed the opening flower,
When through the balmy air from lowly bower
A lark on flut'ring wing rose, singing clear
His gladsome welcome to the maiden year.

A Bitter Reckoning.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY CROOKED PATHS," "BRED IN THE BONE," "CROSS PURPOSES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

I KNOW how silly it is of me to fret over this separation of a few weeks, Jack; but I'm suffering from that most feminine of all feminine ailments—a presentiment. I have a horrible dread that you will not come back to me just the same as you leave me."

Jack Dornton knew this was all very foolish. He loved pretty Ethel Mallett very dearly; so, instead of putting his thought into words, he kissed the tearful face, and lovingly comforted her with vows of eternal constancy most fitting to the occasion.

"You know I needn't stay down there until the pictures are finished," he said presently, when he had succeeded in soothing her agitation. "As soon as I have the sketches well forward, I shall come back and complete the larger pictures from them at home; and, though I shall be working very hard, that will not prevent you from coming every day to watch my progress and cheer me up for an hour or so in the afternoon."

Ethel smiled—it was rather a pitiful attempt—and turned resolutely to the breakfast-table.

"It was good of you to think of coming to breakfast with us, so that we might see the last of you before starting," she said bravely, as she busied herself with the coffee-cups; and Jack felt thankful that the scene he had been dreading for the last few days was over.

Mr. Mallett came down a few moments later, and breakfast was got through with due decorum, in deference to "papa's dislike to emotion."

Shortly after the meal, Jack was tramping down Holborn—the house he had left was in the neighborhood of Bloomsbury—his portmanteau in one hand and a portable easel in the other.

He had been engaged to Ethel Mallett for two months, and they were to be married as soon as he could provide a suitable home for her. A fortnight after he had obtained the reluctant consent of Mr. Mallett to this arrangement, a certain Lord Summers, attracted, as he said, by two water-colors of Jack's in a fashionable gallery, had found him out and offered him a liberal commission to execute a series of six pictures, the subjects to be selected from the immediate neighborhood of his lordship's place in Exbridgeshire. Jack had jumped at the offer, seeing that it would enable him to place little Ethel in a home of her own months sooner than he had anticipated.

So here he was, after a two hours' run from Fenchurch Street, hard at work in the woods of Mallingford, skilfully and rapidly filling in the leading features of Mallingford House and its surroundings.

While his fingers were thus busy, he was recalling the conversation he had had with Lord Summers upon the choice of his first subject.

"Would you wish me to begin with Summerfield?" Jack had asked, when taking his final instructions from his lordship.

"No; I should like to be at Summerfield myself when you are there. I think you had better make Mallingford House your first subject. It is about ten miles from Summerfield, and you can work your way towards there. I shall be down by the last week in July, and hope to have the pleasure of showing you some little hospitality."

Jack bowed his thanks.

"You will be delighted with Mallingford," his lordship went on, after a pause. "It is a noble place, and I have a rather peculiar interest in the property. The late owner, Sir Paul Malling, was a most eccentric man, with a very exalted notion of his own importance as head of the house. He had never married, and was mortally offended with his brother Geoffrey because he took unto himself a wife at the age of thirty-eight without first consulting him. Poor Paul! He was a great friend of mine; but I'm bound to confess that he was of a most unforgiving disposition. Would you believe it, Mr. Dornton? He was so unjust as to disinherit Geoffrey—the estate was not entailed, unfortunately—and leave the whole of his property to his only sister's only child, Pauline Lufton. His will confirmed his reputation for eccentricity, for he made even her inheritance conditional, first, upon her taking the name of Malling—and her husband also, should she marry—and, secondly, upon her not marrying under the age of twenty-five without her guardians approval and consent. A very awkward thing for the guardian! I am that not-to-be-envied person. So, you see, should the young lady in question happen to fall in love with some poor beggar of a fellow, I could not consistently give my consent, and she would have to give up either her love or her position as owner of Mallingford, one of the finest seats in the country."

"In which case?" Jack said interrogatively.

"In which case the disinherited brother would have his own. But I am glad to say that my charming ward will be twenty-five in September, and will then be in a position to please herself in her choice of a husband—for which I am devoutly thankful, as it relieves me of a serious responsibility."

"I can quite understand that."

"I was in hopes at first that I should not be called upon to exercise my guardianship at all, for, when Sir Paul died, Pauline was away with her father in Italy. He was a sad reprobate, and spent his time chiefly in low gambling-houses, leaving his motherless girl among all kinds of questionable people. I always think it was a mercy she did not come to any harm. Well, as fate willed, this Lufton died just a month before Sir Paul, and, though we made every effort to find his daughter, we could obtain no tidings of her. We traced the father and daughter to Naples, where the former died; but after that we could hear nothing of her. We sent out agents, we advertised, we did everything we could. At last, after five months of fruitless inquiry and just as we were losing heart, and wondering whether we should not begin to hunt up poor Geoffrey, she appeared suddenly at my solicitors' offices. She looked wretchedly ill, said she had been working her heart out as a teacher of English at a Spanish convent, and had only recently seen one of our advertisements. She was nineteen then—and that is nearly six years ago. Bless my heart," exclaimed his lordship, as he looked at his watch, "it is two o'clock, and I have kept you here with my twaddle a whole hour! I'm sure I beg you pardon, Mr. Dornton."

"Not at all," Jack answered. "On the contrary, I was quite interested in the romance."

And now as Jack Dornton stood in the shady wood, with the noonday sun making little patches of white here and there wherever it could pierce the thick foliage above, and with the buzzing of insects in his ears, he was weaving all sorts of romantic fancies concerning the owner of all the beauty surrounding him.

The long, low, irregular house, built of gleaming white stone, the vivid patches of color on the slopes of the terrace, the almost painful brilliancy of the fountains as they danced and glittered in the sunlight, made up a picture in which intensity of color was the predominant feature.

Jack had given a despairing sigh when he first came upon the house.

"If I paint that as it really is," he thought, "every one will accuse me of ridiculous idealism. I must get shadow of some sort from elsewhere;" and that was why he was painting his picture in a spot where soft heavy foliage gave him relief to the brightness of the whole place. "It looks well enough from here, he muttered discontentedly: "but it looks almost heartless, with its self-assertive brilliancy of coloring and aggressive rigidity of outline, when one first comes upon it. I shall have to call this picture 'A Peep from Mallingford Woods,' for there's as much of wood as of anything else in it. Odd that the owner of such a place as this should never have married!" was his next thought. "Lord Summers says she is a beauty as well as an heiress. Perhaps she is in love with some poor beggar, as he said, and is waiting until she is twenty-five to lay herself and her fortune at the lucky fellow's feet. By Jove, what a woman! That is the sort of a thing my Ethel would do—my true-hearted, unselfish loving little Ethel!"

Jack looked very handsome as he stood with palette and brush in hand, his face lit up with happy thoughts of his pretty and trusting sweetheart. He had bright blue eyes, well-formed features, and a short brown beard, whilst his shoulders were those of a modern Hercules. He stood six feet high, and was proportionally built. Taken altogether, he was a very attractive young man in the eyes of the softer sex.

From behind the bole of a large tree Jack Dornton was being narrowly scanned by a young lady, who seemed well pleased with the inspection. She watched him at work for some minutes with a decided look of admiration in her eyes. She turned from her survey presently, and, stooping down, crept away slowly among the brushwood, making a detour with the evident intention of reaching the spot again.

In the meantime Jack grew hungry, and not having made provision against such an emergency, he did what most men would have done in similar circumstances—lit his pipe and puffed away energetically at it. Looking round and stretching himself after his spell of work, he noticed a small natural mound covered with soft velvety grass.

The more he looked at this mound, the stronger became the temptation to take ten minutes' rest upon it. He yielded at last, and found the mound an excellent pillow.

Before he had enjoyed two of the allotted ten minutes' rest, his open locket, containing a portrait of Ethel, dropped from his hand, his pipe slipped from between his teeth, and a myriad of gnats buzzed and whizzed in happy freedom around his head. Jack Dornton was fast asleep!

At that moment a woman came gliding by in full view of the easel. She was a woman of surpassing loveliness, tall, stately, with a figure of voluptuous perfection, a mass of golden plaits coiled round and round her head, full melting brown eyes and ripe red lips, a skin rivalling the peach in its delicate coloring, and a carriage queenly in its every movement. Her dainty cambric gown, cunningly made to "more express than hide her form," trailed carelessly among the ivy-roots and brambles behind her. Her simple straw hat she carried in her hand, and her whole air suggested the pretty "maiden meditation fancy free."

She gave a well feigned start when she had come well in view of Jack's easel.

It was not pleasant to watch the swift change that came over the beautiful face as she marked the vacant seat and thought herself alone. It revealed unmistakably the defects of her character as indicated in the slightly sensual under-lip, the cruel little curves at the corners of the mouth, which were generally safely concealed beneath the pretty confiding smile that from long practice had become habitual with her.

Advancing cautiously, she glanced around and soon discovered Jack's whereabouts. She went quickly to the easel, and critically examined the morning's work. Turning aside, she remarked to herself: "With such decided talent and such an appearance, he would be sure to succeed if he were properly taken up." She then walked on tip-toe to Jack, and scrutinized him quite as critically as she had scrutinized his work, and evidently with as much approval. "He would be a pleasant enough medium *pour passer le temps* until the end of the week." And as the thought passed throug her mind, her quick eye detected the open locket at his side.

She looked carefully at the sleeper, and, having assured herself of the soundness of his slumbers, went down upon her knees by his side, the better to examine the portrait.

She started visibly when her eyes fell upon the sweet face smiling at her from the tiny trinket. She rose quickly, and walked away a few yards.

"So she is this landscape-painter's, 'village maiden'!" she muttered vindictively. "Surely there is some fatality in his coming here! I can't be mistaken; it is the same insipid babyishly-pretty face that Lord Summers pointed out to me in the park the other day. And she loves this Apollo, does she? And perhaps he thinks he loves her. Well, we shall see what we shall see!"

There was a significant glitter in her fine eyes, an instantaneous tightening of the red lips seemed to tell of a hard cruel heart beneath the fair exterior.

But the almost demoniac expression of her face disappeared as if by magic when Jack rolled over on to his side and showed signs of waking.

She had posed gracefully before the easel, and awaited him.

"I believe I've been asleep," he murmured drowsily, raising himself on one elbow, and feeling about instinctively for his pipe.

Not finding it, he turned over lazily to prosecute his search on the other side, when his eyes fell upon the dazzling loveliness of the girl so earnestly regarding his picture; and in that first glimpse of Pauline Malling Jack's senses and aristocratic perception were alike roused.

He lay still for an instant looking at her, afraid to move, lest this woodland nymph should be a dream, and vanish with its waking.

The little flecks of sunlight were dancing about her as she stood in rapt attention before the unfinished picture, now bringing into prominence the exquisite symmetry of her form, now kissing the well-formed head and bringing into pl / the "living gold" of her luxuriant hair.

Jack noted all this with a painter's eye, and, springing to his feet, he went towards his easel.

"I beg your pardon for the liberty I have taken in examining your picture," murmured the woodland nymph melodiously. "I hope I did not disturb you; you seemed so tired! May I be allowed to continue my inspection?"

Jack, hardly awake even yet, muttered something about "too much honor."

"You are Mr. Dornton, are you not?" she continued, still looking at the picture, and giving Jack time to "pull himself." "Lord Summers told me he was going to ask you to make a picture of my house."

It was Miss Malling then, and no woodland nymph, after all. Jack felt disappointed, though he could not tell why.

"I suppose you will remain here for some days. May I offer you a little hospitality during your stay? The village inns are, I believe, wretchedly uncomfortable, and I should not like a friend of my guardian's to be driven to their shelter while I am at home. We are two lonely women just now, and but dull company, I fear; but we will do our best to make you comfortable for this week at least. Next week I am off again until the end of the season, and shall have to leave you to the mercies of the servants. I came down only for a peep at my flowers, now in their pride. Say you will come."

"Thank you very much," Jack began hesitatingly; "but I did not anticipate—in fact, I made no preparation——"

"Is that the only difficulty?" she interrupted gently. "Pray don't let that stand in the way. Mrs. Sefton and I will shut our eyes to the enormity of a morning-coat at dinner, and will promise to think no less of you on that account; so we shall expect you. We dine at half-past seven when *en famille*, so that we may have an hour or two of these lovely summer evenings in the gardens. Until then, *au revoir!*"

Jack raised his soft felt hat, and watched her graceful figure as she glided away down the dim leafy vista of the wood. He wished that she had stayed longer, that he might be still looking into her glorious eyes, watching the ever-changing lights that came and went as rapidly as speeding clouds across a summer sky. When at last a curve in the path hid her from view, he turned again to his work with a heavy sigh, wishing it were already half-past seven.

CHAPTER II.

NOW you are to consider yourself quite *chez vous*, Mr. Dornton," Miss Malling said, as she rose from table. "Stay and meditate here in solitude, or come and smoke a cigar in our company on the terrace, as suits your inclination. I always like my visitors to make themselves happy in their own way."

So Jack, preferring society to solitude, smoked his after-dinner cigar on the terrace or rather he began it, but very soon threw it away, the better to continue a conversation that Miss Malling purposely led into artistic channels.

On this first night she did not talk much herself—in fact she seldom did. It was her habit to repose in graceful luxurious indolence, and listen intelligently to others, now and again filling up a gap, or, when the conversational ball showed signs of stopping, setting it rolling again by a short well-directed remark, and expressing her interest in the subject under discussion more by a liberal use of her eloquent eyes and brows than by speech.

One of her warmest admirers observed of her that, though she did not talk much, no one on the other hand, could accuse her of talking folly. And this habit of silence was due more to indolence than inability. Miss Malling, when once roused to interest, could distance most women in her grasp of a subject and her power of putting her ideas into forcible language.

Jack was charmed by her soft womanly reticence and flattered by her marked deference to his opinion in all matters.

"Of course it is not personal deference to my views, but her tacit admission of the mental superiority of man over woman," this Solon of twenty-five remarked to himself.

The moon came out by-and-bye, throwing from behind a curtain of tender gray clouds a soft, silvery, shimmering light over the landscape.

After Mrs. Sefton had gone indoors, Pauline led the conversation in a manner that quite entranced her companion. The witchery of the evening, the beauty of the woman, and the spell of her fascinations wrought upon Jack's impressionable nature, and his dreams that night were of lovely women with golden hair and liquid brown eyes.

A week later Jack Dornton stood at the breakfast room window apparently absorbed in the calm radiant beauty of the scene before him; yet, as he stood there outwardly calm, his breast was torn with conflicting passions.

Pauline Malling was returning to town by the mid-way train, and the pain that her proposed departure had caused him had also opened his eyes to the hateful truth that he had been unfaithful to his little Ethel's memory in thought, if not in word.

"What a blind fool I have been," he told himself wrathfully, "to stay here day after day and not see my own danger! Miss Malling has been very kind and gentle; but I dare say she looks upon me as belonging to a very inferior class to her own; and I to show my gratitude, must return her womanly kindness by forgetting the distance between us and presuming to fall in love with her! Besotted idiot! Apart from my supreme conceit with regard to Miss Malling, I have behaved shamefully to Ethel," he went on; and a flush of self-condemnation crept over his handsome face. "I've been away from her a whole week, and only one short note have I sent her. I'm an awful brute!"

He seated himself at the writing-table in the window, seized a pen, and began—

"My darling Ethel——"

Then he stopped and nibbled the pen-holder, as if in expectation of receiving inspiration from the act. Before he had quite made up his mind as to the wording of his overdue love-letter, he heard a rustle at the door, and Miss Malling entered in her elegant traveling-costume.

It was all very well for Jack to propound platitudes when he was alone, but it was quite another thing to act up to them in the presence of this golden-haired siren. She was in a perfectly irresistible mood to-day; her languor was gone, and she was tender, sentimental and arch by turns.

"How I shall miss our pleasant little morning chats, Mr. Dornton"—with a gentle sigh—"our happy sketching expeditions, and our delightful evenings!"

"You cannot miss them as I shall," Jack returned.

"You think not?"—raising her eyes slowly to his and dropping her voice mournfully. "That shows how little you know and appreciate your gain in possessing the hearty love and esteem of a few true friends instead of the monotonous adulation of a horde of mere fashionable acquaintances. You cannot understand, because you have never experienced it, how the emptiness of our lives sometimes palls upon us butterflies; how it depresses us, and what we would give at such times to have a real object in life; how we long for the affection of one disinterested creature!"

Here Jack would have precipitated himself bodily in the yawning chasm she had so conveniently opened for him, but for the providential entrance of Mrs. Sefton, who proceeded to dispense the comforts of the breakfast-table in her own inimitable manner. No one ate much, and the carriage was at the door before the meal was properly over.

"Good-bye, Mr. Dornton," said Pauline, as she stood with one dainty foot upon the step. "I shall hope to find you here when I return; and I fear," she continued, again lowering her voice dangerously, "I shall not be able to endure much of London's vapid society after the intellectual intercourse we have enjoyed lately. I shall be back in a fortnight. You will not forget me in that time?"

Forget her! As Jack turned into the house, after watching the carriage down the drive, his head and heart were on fire with the memory of her last lingering look, and the blood danced in his fingers as he recalled the warm clinging pressure of her hand at parting.

"I think I must be mad when she is near me, for somehow I always manage to believe in the possibility of her love for me when in her presence," he muttered remorsefully. "And, if she did love me, what then? Could I be such a brute as to throw Ethel over? My sweet, pure little Ethel, it would break her heart! I must get rid of this folly. I'll finish Ethel's letter at once, and send it off by the morning post. I'll write a long loving letter to the poor girl; it will do me as much good to write it as it will her to receive it. Confound it! Where is the one I began gone to? I'm sure I left it here in the portfolio!"

But it was not to be found. Vexed at its loss he began another. This time he commenced with "My dear Ethel," and then before proceeding farther, he made a close examination of the beautifully-executed address and crest on the paper.

The crest of the "Mallyngs"—as the name was originally spelt—a tiger's head and front paws in repose, with the motto "Let the sleeping lie," particularly interested him. He had stood for many a minute during the past week in front of one of these emblems of the family failing—fierce ungovernable passion—and pondered the probable events that had caused it to be bestowed on them as their badge.

The crest on the backs of the chairs in the hall especially pleased him. They were very beautiful specimens of oak-carving, and formed the extreme point in the high backs.

The carver had caught to a marvel the combination of intense indolence, softness, and dormant power which such a subject should express, and Jack had even gone the length of fancying a likeness between the beautiful sleeping beasts and the present representative of the race they typified.

"I wonder why she she had never married?" he mused. "I wonder if mine is the true reason, and there really is some poor beggar in the background awaiting her twenty-fifth birthday? I shall have a chance of finding out if I accept her invitation for the partridge-shooting in September, for Lord Summers told me she would be twenty five in that month. Ought I to come? Ought I, in Justice to Ethel, to place myself in the way of such temptation? Bosh! I must be a weak fool indeed if I cannot live in the society of a beautiful woman without making an ass of myself! Besides, if I come and see for myself that she is really 'gone' on some lucky fellow, it will be the most complete cure I could find for my own folly."

But Jack knew this to be false reasoning; nevertheless he would not listen to conscience, and, with a gloomy brow and tightly-compressed lips, sat glaring moodily at the blank sheet of paper before him, looking very unlike the honest hearty Jack Dornton who but a short week ago bade good-bye to his sweetheart in Bloomsbury.

"Will you take your luncheon in here, sir? It will seem less lonely than in the dining-room, I think."

Jack looked up in surprise at the housekeeper.

"Is it luncheon-time?"

"It is just on two o'clock, sir."

"I must have been sitting here nearly three hours. I don't mind where I lunch, Mrs. Perkins."

"Then I'll put it in here, sir; it's brighter and more cheerful than the dining-room."

Mrs. Perkins walked to a sideboard and flicked away an imaginary speck of dust.

"I cannot get those girls to be thorough in their dusting," she observed apologetically; then, in a more conversational tone, she went on, "Fine place Mallingford Park, isn't it sir?—though not kept up as it used to be in Sir Paul's time. A big place like this wants a master—that's certain!"

Jack resigned himself to the inevitable.

"Were you here in Sir Paul's time?" he asked more because the old lady wanted to talk than from any interest he took in the matter.

"Bless you, sir, I've been a servant in this house for turned fifty years! I began under-housemaid at sixteen, and here I've been been ever since; so I am what you may call an old servant."

"Yes, indeed!" Jack agreed politely.

"And, like most old servants, I've seen many changes in my time."

"No doubt."

Then there was a pause; and, as the old lady showed no sign of going, Jack forced the interest he did not feel and asked a question.

"Of course you remember Miss Malling's mother? She must have been a beautiful woman."

"Sometimes she was and sometimes she wasn't. She was handsome enough naturally; but she had such an awful temper that it quite disfigured her at times. I've known her to sulk about the house for a month at a time because her brother, the late Sir Paul, had refused her some trifling thing. We were quite relieved when she got married and went away on the Continent with her husband. You see she was many years younger than her brothers, Sir Paul and the present Baronet, Sir Geoffrey, and was a bit spoilt in consequence—though there is an old saying in the family that a Malling's daughter is always a fiend, asking your pardon for the word, sir; so its lucky Miss Pauline is only a Malling by adoption."

"Then you think she has escaped the failing usual to the ladies of the family?"

Mrs. Perkins gave Jack a very sharp glance as he put this question, and answered cautiously—

"I should not like to give an opinion on my mistress's disposition. It would be very bad taste on my part, sir. Miss Malling, during the six years she has been mistress here, has been everything one could desire."

Jack smiled under his moustache.

"I beg your pardon," he said politely. "I did not wish to betray you into disrespect for Miss Malling. My question was the natural outcome of your remark as to Miss Malling's being only a Malling by adoption."

The housekeeper's face cleared.

"To be sure, sir; and that takes me back to what I was saying. Miss Pauline's mother went away on the continent with her husband directly after they were married, and roamed about for years from one country to another with him; she never came home again, poor dear! She died when Miss Pauline was fifteen years old; and then Sir Paul was anxious to have the child with him in England, as he had made her his heiress, in consequence of the other brother, Geoffrey, having married without his consent. But Major Lufton would not part with his daughter, and refused even to let her come on a visit; so we none of us ever saw Miss Pauline until she came here, a grown woman, to take her place as mistress of Mallingford."

"I suppose you knew her at once by her likeness to her mother?"

"Strange to say, we didn't, sir! To be sure, she was very ill, for her father had been dead six months before she heard a word about being heiress to this property, and all that time, to keep herself from starving, she had been slaving in some Spanish convent. But even as she recovered her looks we watched in vain for something in the voice or the expression of the face that should remind us of her mother. There are the same beautiful hair and eyes, and there the likeness ends."

"Do you say she never knew about her heiress-ship until after her father's death?"

"Yes, sir. She says he would not tell her because he was afraid she might be tempted to leave him. I believe they were in dreadful straits sometimes. The Major gambled away his quarterly allowance as soon as he received it, and I'm afraid they were often hard driven for a meal."

"It must have been a wonderful change for her when she came here?"

"It was indeed, sir—so great that she can never to this day bear to recall that dreadful time, and refuses to talk about it to any one. She says it was quite bad enough while it lasted, and she does not wish it to be immortalized by constant repetition."

Then, having said all she wished to say for the present, Mrs. Perkins looked at the clock, and, expressing surprise at the lateness of the hour, hurried away to get Jack's luncheon.

CHAPTER III.

ETHEL MALLETT knelt on a chair, her bonny face pressing closely against the window-pane. The room being on the second floor, it was only by so doing that she could see the steps that led to the front door. It was a quarter-past eight, and she was watching anxiously, as she had done for several mornings past, for the coming of the postman. She left her position presently and bustled about, putting little finishing touches to the breakfast-table, setting a vase of roses close by her father's plate, putting a few sprigs of green round the butter, refolding the napkin, and arranging the cups and saucers so as to hide an ugly coffee-stain of the previous day.

"It is hard on poor dear dad to have to put up with these petty inconveniences," she said affectionately, as she laid the morning newspaper next the roses, and looked to see if she could do anything further to beautify the unlovely lodging-house breakfast-table. "I know the sight of a stain on the table-cloths, and then we can have an extra one without asking Mrs. Philpott for it and risking black looks for the rest of the week. Oh, here you are, papa! I thought you were going to be late—and it is your Kensington day too. Ah, there's the postman! I wonder if he has a letter for me? I think he must have to-day—don't you, dear? Isn't it strange that Jack has written only once in a whole week?"

"Young fellows always find plenty of occupation in the country; you must not worry about it, my child."

This remark was rather uncalled for, as Ethel, the whole week through, had scrupulously avoided mentioning the subject of Jack's neglect, bearing in mind her father's dislike to worry in all shape and form.

"The country round Mallingford is particularly attractive, and I can quite understand that Jack is feasting his soul on its beauties."

"Oh, papa, do you know Mallingford? You never said so before!"—and Ethel was just about to launch out into a string of questions when her thoughts were diverted by the appearance of the servant with the fish for breakfast, and a letter.

"For me from Jack!" she exclaimed breathlessly; but she did not attempt to read it until she had attended to every little want of her father's and seen him comfortably settled for his morning's glance over the leaders in the newspaper.

Then she took up the letter and began reading it. As she read, the sweet anticipation of pleasure faded slowly from her face, and she laid the epistle down, looking perplexed and troubled. She went on quietly eating—or pretending to eat—her breakfast, filled her father's cup when he pushed it towards her, and resolutely kept silence until he had laid down his newspaper and caught her wistful look.

Mr. Mallett was a decidedly selfish man, irritable under small annoyances, and avoiding them by all possible means; but he loved his bright-eyed girl very dearly. It was much against his will that he had been cajoled into consenting to the engagement between his daughter and Jack Dornton, having his own private reasons for looking upon the match as unsuitable in many ways.

But Ethel had fallen in love with the handsome young artist who had so generously undertaken the supervision of the whole of her father's pupils at a time when he had been confined to the house by a touch of bronchitis; so Mr. Mallett accepted the inevitable gracefully, and—more to avoid the sight of his daughter's grief than from any more sufficient cause—agreed to receive Jack as his future son-in-law. As he looked across the breakfast-table this morning and noted the sad curve of Ethel's lips, the pathetic glance of her eyes, and her generally subdued air, he felt angry with Jack, thoroughly angry, knowing that it must be his letter that had clouded her bright face. But he did not show his annoyance at once.

"Well, what are you waiting to say?"

"I don't quite know; Jack has written a nice long letter, and yet I am disappointed. I'm never satisfied; am I, dad? He tells me here that he's very lonely, and a line or two lower down he says that Miss Malling, of whom he gave such a glowing description in his first note, has left for London. I know I'm a narrow-minded jealous idiot; but I can't help fancying that it's more her absence than mine that makes him lonely. As if I did not know Jack to be one of the most honorable men in the world! Please call me a few hard names, dad, and make me ashamed of myself."

But Mr. Mallett did nothing of the sort.

"I think it extremely bad taste on Jack's part to fill his letters to you with descriptions of another woman's beauty."

"Now there you are wrong! It's just that that satisfies me as to Jack's good faith. Yes, you may shrug your shoulders as high as you like; but, if there was one scrap of unfairness to me in his admiration for Miss Malling, he would not write so openly about it. It was only my nonsense about being jealous, you know."

"You are a veritable little bee, sucking the honey and leaving the poison. I'll not say one word against your hero, my dear. But I don't like to hear of any slight being put upon you. You know I don't think him worthy of my little girl."

"You conceited old dad," Ethel said with a smile, "to think your girl better than any one else's! Why, Jack is much too good for me! Even you admit he's clever."

"Granted. But who is he? He has a straight nose and a good pair of shoulders; but what was his grandfather? Have you ever asked him?"

"Papa! What an extraordinary question that would be for me to ask him! I daresay his grandfather was as good a man as mine."

"My dear, your grandfather was one of the oldest commoners in England. The Mallings of Mallingford hold themselves among the best people in Exbridgeshire."

Ethel looked at her father as if she feared his reason had given way.

"I daresay you are very astonished; you would be naturally. You have always known me as a hard-working drawing-master, and of course concluded I had never been anything else. My dear, that Mallingford Park of which Jack writes so enthusiastically is mine by all just laws of succession. But my elder brother, the late owner, cut me off with a shilling, as people say, because I annoyed him about a trifling matter, and left the whole property to my niece, your cousin Pauline Lufton."

"And I am eighteen, and this is the first word I have ever heard of it!"

"Yes, and most likely the last, for it is a subject I don't care to talk about. To dwell continually on what might have been would only make us discontented with what is. I don't think I should have spoken of it now if I had not felt extremely annoyed with Jack for his ungentlemanlike neglect during the past week. You are as well-born as—perhaps better than—this cousin of yours of whom he raves, and I will not allow him to slight you in any way."

"Daddy, will you let me manage this matter myself? You have so surprised me by what you have just said that I am almost bewildered, and can hardly think of anything else. But I am sure that I am too self-conceited to let Jack really slight me. If I thought he wanted me to give him his freedom, I would do it at once. I think it would almost break my heart, but I would do it. I would not bestow myself where I was lightly thought of."

"Heaven bless my child! I can trust you to support the family reputation for self-respect; and, Ethel, if you are writing to Jack to-day, don't touch on that subject. I have reasons for not wishing him to know anything about the matter until I tell him myself."

"Very well, papa."

But Ethel looked disappointed. She handed her father his hat and gloves, and kissed her hand to him from the window as he turned the corner of the street, and then went back to her letter. She read it through more than once, her face wearing a thoughtful expression. Then she sat down with loosely-clasped hands, thinking over the letter even when she had returned it to her pocket.

"I am sure of it—he loves this Miss Malling! Papa did not call her by that name. I forget now what he called her; but it was not Malling. I thought my dislike to parting with Jack was all nonsensical fancy at the time; but I know now it was a real forewarning of this sorrow. He will never come back just the same as he went, even if he gets over this fancy for her. Jack—dear old Jack—why—why did you speak of your love for me until you were quite—quite certain you could never care for any one else? Oh, Jack, I can't let you go, dear!"

The tears were coming; she pressed her face more closely against the dingy cushions of the couch, and checked back the sobs. There was a different look on her face when she raised it again.

"If it is as I think—if he is really falling in love with this beautiful woman—I shall release him very quickly from his engagement to me. I should not like him to blame himself in any way for his conduct towards me; I would rather he should think me heartless and fickle than that he should secretly pity me in his heart. I do not want his pity."

She sat rigidly upright for a moment, with her lips firmly set and a bright hard look in her pretty gray eyes; then suddenly the determination faded from her face, and with a heart-broken little cry she threw herself once more upon the cushions.

"Oh, Jack, how could you, when I love you so very dearly?"

CHAPTER IV.

BABETTE'S arms and back ached almost beyond endurance, yet the brush continued to play over Pauline Malling's hair as it hung in luxuriant profusion down her back.

Pauline was deep in thought, for the Duke of Bennoir had just sent her the exquisite bunch of roses she held in her hand with the little note lying open on the table, and she was making up her mind as to whether she should accept or reject the offer she knew he would make when he called by-and-by.

She had intended that he should bring matters to a climax at once when she danced with him on the previous night, and she was now smiling to herself in lazy enjoyment as she saw how exactly her wishes were coming to pass. Babette, her French maid, caught the reflection of the smile in the glass, and wondered what mischief was on foot. The smile of gratified vanity was still on Miss Malling's face as she asked—

"Did I look really well last night, Babette?"

"Mademoiselle knows she always looks well; but last night she was *bien, bien charmante!*" exclaimed Babette theatrically, seizing the opportunity to rest her tired arms for a moment by clasping her hands to give point to her admiration.

"Yes, I think that last dress of Rosalie's was a success. I can still afford to give the debutantes a start when I choose to make myself pleasant."

"Mademoiselle is irresistible when she chooses," murmured the French woman; and for a while the brushing went on uninterruptedly.

Miss Malling again relapsed into deep thought.

"If I could only be sure of the past remaining the past, if I were only certain that ugly facts would not turn up unexpectedly to face me, I would marry this poor creature with a title—I would, if only to save me from myself. Surely, after six years of safety and prosperity, I am never going to be such an utter idiot as to risk loss of everything because this poor painter is good-looking and charmingly candid! Have I never met a man before who combined honorable feelings and good looks, that I go down at once, surrender before the first shot is fired to this young man with blue eyes and a bright smile? I suppose this is what goody-goody people would call 'swift retribution.' They would declare triumphantly that my sin had brought its own punishment. I hate myself for my weakness! Only ten days ago I began this flirtation for my own amusement and to annoy that big-eyed pale-faced child, to give her a few unhappy hours as a set-off against the perpetual anxiety her mere existence causes me, and, before I am certain that either of these purposes is accomplished, I wake up to the humiliating knowledge that I am caught in my own trap, that for the first time in my life I have fallen in love! Ye gods—fallen in love!"

She burst into a shout of scornful laughter, so startling Babette that the ivory-backed brush flew out of her hand, and she stood with round eyes and open mouth regarding her mistress's face in the looking-glass.

"What is the matter with you? Why are you staring at me like that?"

By an effort Babette recovered her usual subdued respectful expression.

"I feared mademoiselle was not well," she murmured apologetically.

"Nonsense! Go on with your brushing, and do not take notice of what does not concern you."

"She is a very cat!" Babette said confidentially to the brush, as she picked it up. "I should like to know what wickedness she is planning now."

"Perhaps it is not to be wondered at, after all," Pauline mused. "He is so different from the men one usually meets—so honestly simple, so upright and true, so sensitively honorable. With most men I know the word 'honor' means paying their gambling-debts on settling-day, and the meaning of the words 'truth' and 'faith' is lost in the mists of 'long ago.' If I had led on any of my aristocratic admirers as I did him last week, they would have forsworn wife or sweetheart a dozen times over in my favor before now. But his honor is of a tougher quality. I believe he would marry that chit in spite of me if the release did not come from her. It shall! If I cannot have him, she never shall! On that one point my mind is fully made up!"

"Mademoiselle will forgive me," interrupted Babette deprecatingly; "but Monsieur le Duc was to be here by one. It is already that hour but a quarter."

"Of course; I had forgotten. Twist up my hair negligently. No stiffness, Babette! I hate my hair to look dressed so early. I will wear that Nile-green robe; it makes me look pale and subdued if anything can. Quick; there is his knock! Now to give him his conge gracefully. How surprised he will be at my refusal!"

Babette shook her fist at the graceful form as the door closed.

"For two hours have I stood here, brush, brush, brush, and she has never said, 'Rest a moment; you must be tired.' She does not think I am a woman at all; she looks upon me as a machine invented for her pleasure. Take care, my proud, selfish, beautiful madame, that the machine does not crush your pretty soft body!"

* * * * *

Pauline had not much soul, and she did not really care much for music as music; but she liked the pleasant soothing effect it had upon her. So she went to the Opera two or three times a week, and in the intervals whispered scandal, ate ices, drank coffee, or dozed gracefully behind the curtains of her box. This evening Mrs. Selton and she were scarcely settled in their seats before Lord Summers begged admission.

The good-natured old gentleman looked rather worried as he took the chair behind Pauline and exchanged civilities with both ladies. Discreet Mrs. Selton was always intensely interested in the music during the visits of Pauline's friends to her box, so her presence could hardly be called a hindrance to confidential intercourse between Pauline and her guardian.

"I have had a visit from Bennoir this afternoon, Pauline," his lordship began. "The poor boy is terribly upset by your refusal."

"He will get over it."

"No doubt he will by-and-by. But in the meantime he has sent me as his ambassador. He begs through me that you will try to reconsider your decision of this morning. He fancies that perhaps his rashness has ruined his chance, and thinks he might have had a better chance if he had waited longer. Is it so?"

Pauline smiled a slow satisfied smile as she answered—

"On the contrary, I forced the matter on. I knew the poor boy meant to propose to me—he wearied me beyond description by dogging my steps so persistently—so I allowed him the opportunity he sought, and dismissed him."

"But, my dear girl, have you no heart at all? To my knowledge his is the seventh most satisfactory offer you have refused. I daresay you have had quite as many of whom I have heard nothing. I begin to think you are heartless."

"Perhaps you are right," she said indifferently. "But you must allow there are two sides to the question. On the one hand, you ask why I do not marry. I answer your question by asking, on the other, 'Why should I marry?' I do not love these men who propose to me. I am my own mistress; I have everything I wish for—or nearly so—and I am happy as I am. Now can you answer my question—'Why should I marry?'"

"Well, I could give you some reasons; but I'm afraid they would sound very worldly-minded to you. Do you know, people are beginning to make remarks about your repeated refusals? They say ——"

"What do they say, my lord?" she asked turning quickly on her chair and looking him straight in the face. "What evil do they dare say of me?"

She put the question abruptly, and in a manner that asserted her right to an instant answer; and her eyes flashed as she waited for him to speak.

Lord Summers looked at her in astonishment too great for words. Pauline, perceiving her mistake, quickly recovered herself.

"Won't you tell me what these scandalmongers say of me?" she asked in her usual low tone, as she resumed her indolent attitude.

"What a revelation!" passed through his lordship's mind as he answered. "You absolutely startled me. I never saw you so impetuous on any subject before. My dear, they say no evil of you. How could they?"

"True; how could they?"—with a suppressed sigh of relief.

"What they insinuate is that you are waiting until you can choose your husband irrespective of any one's permission; and I wanted to assure you that I should not withhold my consent if it were so. If you have really lost your heart to some one not quite in your own rank of life, do not fear that I shall interfere with your choice."

"You must be very anxious indeed to get me married, since you make even that concession."

There was a touch of bitterness in her voice, and she kept her eyes fixed on the stage.

"My dear child, why will you misunderstand my motives?"

He glanced at Mrs. Selton's absorbed profile, and went on in a still lower voice, "There is the estate, you know, to think of. The succession lies between you and your cousin Ethel, the sweet-faced child I pointed out to you the other day. If you die unmarried, the estate will revert to her children at your death. Of course there is nothing against that. But I am sensitive about the trust imposed on me by my old friend Sir Paul. As I read it, his will lays the whole responsibility of this question of succession on my shoulders. In other words, he leaves me the power to pick and choose a fitting head for the House of Malling. Now in the event of your not marrying, the next heir will be the offspring of this Ethel and her artist-husband Mr. Dornton."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FORTUNE FROM A SALAD BOWL.—It is recorded that a France nobleman named D'Albignac, having fled from France during the Reign of Terror that prevailed at the end of the last century, and finding himself in London with but slender means, contrived to pick up not only a living but a competency, by taking to salad-making as as profession.

This is how it came to pass. He was dining at one of the fashionable taverns in London when he was addressed by a party of gentlemen who occupied the table next to him with a request to mix a salad for them, coupled with a polite compliment upon the proficiency of the French nation on the art. D'Albignac, with some hesitation, consented, and, being provided with the necessary ingredients was very successful.

In the course of the proceedings he entered into conversation with these gentlemen, and in answer to their questions he frankly avowed his position; consequently they felt justified in asking his acceptance of a five pound note, with which he gladly replenished his almost empty purse.

The gentlemen, moreover, asked for his address; and a few days afterwards he received a request to go and mix a salad at the house of a nobleman who was just then giving a fashionable dinner-party.

D'Albignac saw his opportunity, and was not slow in availing himself of it.

Providing himself with some choice condiments, he went to the house named, and being again eminently successful, he was remunerated accordingly. In a short time his reputation began to spread, and all the people of fashion found it necessary to have a salad mixed by the French nobleman—the "fashionable salad-maker," as he was called.

He soon found himself in a position to set up a curricle to go about in, as well as to employ a footman to carry the mahogany case containing the choice ingredients with which he mixed the salads.

Later on he supplied similar cases ready fitted with ingredients, and sold them in hundreds. In the end he amassed a considerable fortune, with which—the guillotine having been superseded—he went back again to his native country and ended his days peacefully.

Bric-a-Brac.

HAWKS.—A gentleman in the west adopts the following method of killing hawks: He makes a mixture of strychnine and lard and anoints his chickens' heads with it. Several dead hawks testify to the efficacy of the treatment.

MAKING BOOKS.—Bookmaking, five hundred years ago, was a costly business. The bill for designing and writing a manuscript in 1402 has just come to light. The parchment, the writing, the miniatures, the silver nails gold-plated and enamelled, ink figures, seventy smaller gold-plated silver nails, a gold-plated silver clasp, sky blue satin, and binding together cost, according to present value, $186, the miniatures alone costing $80. The vellum is now no longer extant.

MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.—A marriage in which the wife does not take the husband's rank, because legally or according to court laws the marriage is not recognized. This sort of marriage is effected when a man of high rank marries a woman of inferior position. The children in this case do not inherit the title or estate of the father. Morganatic marriages are called "left-handed" because a man pledges his troth with his left hand instead of his right hand. The "hand-fasted" marriages of Scotland were morganatic, and the "hand-fasted" could be put away for a fresh union.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FAN.—One evening when the beautiful Kae Si, daughter of a powerful Chinese mandarin, was assisting at the grand feast of lanterns, she was so overcome by the heat that she was obliged to take off her mask. But to expose her face to the eyes of the profane and vulgar was a serious offence against the law, so, holding the mask as closely as possible to her features, she rapidly fluttered it to give herself air, and the rapidity of the movement still concealed her. The other ladies present, witnessing this hardy but charming innovation, imitated it, and at once ten thousand hands were fluttering ten thousand masks. Thus the fan was evolved and took the place of the mask.

A SPIDER'S APPETITE.—A gentleman scientifically inclined captured a spider, and by a careful estimate made by means of actually weighing it and then confining it in a cage he found that it ate four times its weight for breakfast, nearly nine times its weight for dinner, thirteen times its weight for supper, finishing up with an ounce, and at 8 P. M., when he was released, ran off in search of food. At this rate a man weighing 160 pounds would require the whole of a fat steer for breakfast, the dose repeated with the addition of a half-dozen well-fattened sheep for dinner, and two bullocks, eight sheep and four hogs for supper, and then, as a lunch before going to his club banquet, he would indulge in about four barrels of fresh fish.

NOTED PEARLS.—The most remarkable pearls of modern times are one which was in the possession of Philip II. in 1574, as large as a pigeon's egg; one mentioned by Tavernier in the hands of the Emperor of Persia in 1633, and which was purchased of an Arab for the extraordinary sum of $550,000; and that of the Emperor Rudolph, *La Peregrina* of the shape of a pear, weighing thirty carats. In Europe, in common with all jewels, they are sold by the carat. In Asia the weight differs in different States. At Bombay and Madras pearls are valued by two kinds of weights' real and nominal; by the former they are weighed, by the latter sold. In the former country, pearls of a "white water" are most sought after. The Indians and Arabs prefer those of a "yellow water."

SLOWNESS.—Don't be discouraged because the boys seem dull. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow in growth but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull boys. So was Goldsmith. So was Gibbon. So was Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon at school had so much difficulty in learning his Latin that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood that at nine he was scarcely able to read. Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest of divines, was so impenetrably stupid, in his early years, that his father more than once said that if God took away any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac, as he feared he would never be fit for anything in this world. Yet that boy was the genius of the family.

INSECTS.—A naturalist describing the curious arrangement for breathing furnished insects, says: "If we take any moderately large insect, any a wasp or a hornet, we can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small, spot like marks runs along either side of the body. These apparent spots, which are generally eighteen or twenty in number, are, in fact, the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance. Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horny lips, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff interlacing bristles, forming a filter, which allows air, and air alone, to pass. But the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is always so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible, to inject the body of a dead insect with even so subtle a medium as sprits of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid and then placed beneath the receiver of an air pump.

TOO LATE.

BY JOHN COLLETT.

One April morn I traveled far to view
  A scene whose charm my labor will repay:
Yet as I neared the spot no sun broke through
  The thickening clouds that marred the vernal day.

Long, long impatient did I wait and gaze,
  Until the orb of daylight should appear:
But the sweet landscape lay in changeless haze,
  Hueless and dark, expressionless and drear.

I left the craggy height and flowery fell,
  And when my hand was on the garden-gate,
The long-veiled sun lit up my barren dell—
  I heeded not: the sun came forth too late.

Thus when our gifts, like spring flowers freshly bloom,
  Longed-for success refuses to appear;
Like clouds along th' horizon darkly loom
  Trouble, unrest, anxiety, and fear;

When youth's enjoyment-power in ruin lies,
  When manhood's hale maturity is past,
When wrinkles gather round the waning eyes,
  Prosperity's bright sun breaks through at last.

Friends whom the old man loved in ruddy health,
  The wife who bravely shared his years of toil,
These whom he loved to gladden with his wealth,
  Lie cold and silent in the churchyard soil.

Treasures we sighed for in our youthful power,
  Treasures that manhood's heart oft craved in vain,
When tottering footsteps tell life's sunset hour,
  In growing splendor crowd upon the brain.

When life is hasting to its mournful close,
  And Death's sure footfall sounds within the door,
A growing tide of glittering guineas flows
  To trembling hands that cannot hold the shore.

High fame may crown the statesman's furrowed brow,
  Bright honors on the dying chieftain wait—
All that man lived and waited for; but now,
  Alas! the sun of life came forth too late.

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"AT any rate," put in Mrs. Fears-Kienon, who still sat where she had elected to preside at tea, one white hand favorably exhibited as she toyed with the tassel of the delicate satin cosy, "you cannot have the same escort, dear."

"Why not?" asked Joy composedly, as she put another spray of geranium into the gleaming silken knot at her throat. "Mr. Lester is sure to come for this first week's shooting, as Lawrence has, and his invitation awaits him at the Glen Farm; Lady Vickery told me so."

"She is a brick!" declared Lawrence, but not quite so cordially as he might have done, for in his inmost heart he feared that, before Lady Vickery would act in this confiding yet independent manner, she must feel very confident of her son's unrivalled success with Joy Glenorris.

"Lady Vickery is exceedingly worldly-wise," observed Kate Fears-Kienon, having easily pursued the young man's thought.

"Is she? How does she especially demonstrate her wisdom?" he asked, with a rather boyish betrayal of his eagerness. "Do tell me."

"You surely cannot expect it!" replied Kate, with her slow gentle shrug. "Do you suppose a man ever hears truthfully 'a woman's thoughts about women?'"

"Which are, if possible," remarked Joy, with quiet nonchalance, "more wearying than a man's thoughts about women."

"It would be more wearying to you still, I guess," said Lawrence, with a laugh, "to hear a man's thoughts about men."

"Yes," said Joy, with a tranquil nod.

"My dear Joy, how dejected you make poor Mr. Nelson look!" cried Kate, with the smile that Lawrence always thought so artificial. "You should have broken to him more gently your resolution to be one of those charming single women who are so useful in the world that I positively do not know what we married ones should do without them. Only please, dear"—in softened accents—"do not grow strong-minded, and domineer over us poor weaker members of the sex."

"No," said Joy, with unruffled calm.

"Yet for your own sake, dear," continued Kate, with a sigh of commiseration, "I wish you were more like the rest of us—that you could joy in saying *'Ich habe gelebt und geliebt.'*"

"I can," said Joy, serenely absurd. "*Ich habe gelebt* one, *und geliebt* another."

"Hopeless!" smiled Mrs. Fears-Kienon, with her indulgent gesture of despair. "Now would you not agree with me, Mr. Nelson, that my cousin takes an actual pride in being incapable of loving?"

"But, Miss Glenorris," said Lawrence, laughing, for these notions were rather comic in his ears, "I one day heard a certain person say that no one could—play as you do, without intense capacity for loving. I sounds sentimental, I dare say"—as the girl's eyes darkened suddenly—"but indeed it was not impertinent. He really said it in the deepest earnestness."

"Who said it?" inquired Mrs. Fears-Kienon, apparently only interested in stroking the satin with her handsome idle fingers.

But the girl coolly intercepted young Nelson's possible reply, her eyes so determinately avoiding his gaze that they followed Kate's hand.

"We all make odd and ridiculous mistakes sometimes," she said. "For instance, when I painted those butterflies on the blue satin, Kate, I fondly dreamed they would appear to be flying across an azure sky; but they don't—as you see!"

"Miss Glenorris," whispered Lawrence an hour later, when his sister Theresa was bidding Mrs. Fears-Kienon and Anne farewell, "did I vex you? I somehow wince at uttering Lester's name just now before anyone of whose loyalty I don't feel quite assured; but it was snobbish of me to say to you 'a certain person.' Do you forgive me?"

Her warm smile reassured him instantly, and her words left him no shadow of doubt as she and Anne strolled from the tennis-ground with him and Theresa. When the brother and sister had left them, Joy stood still, first looking up into the evening sky, and then away to the distant upland.

"It is not an evening to waste indoors, Anne—even for dinner," she said, with a sigh too low for Miss Kienon to notice; "and our summer evenings are numbered now. Shall we walk on towards——"

"Towards where?" asked practical Anne, in the sudden pause.

"Anywhere. Say towards that wildly red horizon in the west, and we shall see perhaps why the trees look to have glowing crimson leaves. Will you come on that little errand?"

"Yes," said Anne, wondering at the girl's curious tone.

But in a few moments a servant from Merlswood overtook them, summoning Miss Kienon to her mother's presence.

"I must go," said Anne, with a touch of the old bitterness of tone, as she looked gloomily back towards Merlswood, "but not because I am wanted."

Joy's first impulse was to turn with her cousin; then, recollecting what awaited her, she paused, bent suddenly to leave a gentle kiss on Anne's closed lips and tell her not to let dinner be delayed, and went away alone, struggling against a longing to follow the road along which she had often seen Gervys Lester ride, and for the first time in her life to reach the Glen Farm.

With no thought beyond her combat with this desire, she walked on, always with her face to the west and her back turned to the silvery line of eastern sky. Under the great Spanish chestnuts and the famous Merlswood oaks, into the silence of the coppice that skirted the park, among the tall firs with the dark shrubs clinging to their feet, over the soft dry moss, among the scantily-fallen leaves, out upon the upland path, the shadow of the woods on one side and a wide bare slope upon the other, still on she walked quite slowly, even when the red light had faded in the west and in the east the gray dusk slowly spread, wrapping sea and sky alike.

Suddenly, in the unfamiliar way, she stopped, her whole frame thrilling to an acute and nervous consciousness that something she had longed for, yet had feared, was near. She stood quite still on the dim valley-slope, drawing a long sighing breath, and holding one hand upon her leaping heart, while, in the mournful dusk, Gervys Lester came slowly towards her, gravely and steadfastly regarding her.

CHAPTER XIX.

"WHY, Joy!"

At Anne Kienon's exclamation the girl rose from the depths of the great easy chair before one unshuttered window in her dressing-room.

"It is so bad to spend the evening walking about," murmured Rachel from the dressing-table. "Fatigue makes any one so melancholy."

"Melancholy?" echoed Miss Kienon, anxiously scrutinising the young face—no easy task, turned as it was from the light—but Joy laughed instantly, shutting out the round red moon glaring boldly over the avenue, and coming forward into the bright candle-light to meet Anne's eyes. "You have had no pretence even of dinner to prepare you for anything," fretted Miss Kienon, glancing at the untouched tray. "If you had taken even a little soup and sherry——"

"Unlimited possibilities of enjoyment rise before me at the suggestion of soup and sherry," interposed Joy gravely, as she unfastened her dressing-robe. "But for what do I need that preparation, Anne?"

"An influx of visitors from the Knoll. Dr. Calmady and Mr. Meredith were dining there, and the girls have brought them over, saying they have news for us which they will not tell until you come down. But, if you have been fatiguing yourself by melancholy, solitary walks——"

"That," observed Joy, "is as good a preparation as your soup and sherry. The brilliance and excitement below will be heightened by the memory of the twilight silence and solitude and—unhappiness."

"Unhappiness! How oddly you say it!" cried Anne, drawing back anxiously to contemplate her cousin's face. "Are you unhappy, Joy?"

"I?" cried the younger girl, laughing. "Could you even imagine such an anomaly—I learnt that word from Mr. Pardy—as a Glenorris of Merlswood being unhappy, with thousands of pounds a year and lands and jewels and friends—and lovers?"

"And love," put in Anne quietly.

"And love?" she queried, while Anne fancied that she shuddered as she spoke. "What else?"

"Beauty."

"Beauty?" she laughed. "What is that worth—save in the eyes of those who—eyes that we love? I think once"—slowly brushing the ruffled locks on either temple—"Sir Hussay Vickery did condescend to whisper to me very pointedly that he could not experience pure enjoyment unless he sat next a nose that was straight in profile; but nature abhors a straight line, doesn't she? No, Rachel," she cried, breaking off in this nonsense to Anne, "I'm not going to what you call perform a toilette to-night. Give me a tea-gown. It is only for tea I am going down."

"But, madam, it is night."

"No matter," smiled Joy; and Anne smiled too.

In the long tea-gown of white terry velvet, with its snowy feather trimming, the girl looked lovely enough to make the thought of "performing a toilette" seem indeed ridiculous.

"I think, madam," observed the maid, before her mistress left her, "you said this afternoon you would wear the pink gauze at Lady Vickery's ball on the sixth."

"I was—unaware this afternoon. No, I will have a new dress, Rachel, a—beautiful one."

"And there won't be your like in the room," smiled Anne.

"What a happy thing for the room!" said Joy, laughing, and linking her arm in her cousin's to run with her down-stairs; for she delighted in landing Anne, laughing, out of breath and wholly in her power, in the hall below.

"There are other voices, Anne," she whispered, drawing back outside the half-open door.

"Only," smiled Anne, wondering at something strangely nervous and quite new to her in her cousin's manner to-night, "Mr. Pardy."

"I see," said Joy, and nodded and passed in, in her snow-white shoes and dress, the feather-trimmed sleeves showing wrists almost as white.

Mr. Lester had returned!

To her fancy, a hundred thousand voices seemed to be telling her this; but she did not speak, only smiled and shook hands, until Mrs. Kienon asked, in a quiet reprimanding sort of way—

"Did you hear, Joy?"

"I am very glad he has come," she said then.

"The delay was caused by illness, it seems."

Anne Kienon saw her cousin start, yet she herself could not have spoken half so easily.

"Who has learnt this so soon?"

"Does not everybody soon learn everything here?" inquired Mr. Pardy, his gaze rather confusing to the girl. "We may expect the whole truth soon to be public property, Miss Glenorris."

"Mr. Lester may not choose it to be so, perhaps," Joy answered quietly, without looking at him; but then she was just taking a cup of tea from Roland, and had not settled back into the luxurious sociable.

"Surely he is not going to treat us to a repetition of Mortimor's mysterious disappearance, dark as to when and how and why it happened!"

"How maddening that is!" exclaimed Doctor Calmady. "If one were ever so disposed to devote oneself to tracing him, one has not the faintest clue to start upon."

"I suppose no trial can be held if that man does not appear," observed Mrs. Fears-Kienon. "Things seem rather hopeless. Only a fair trial can vindicate Mr. Lester, only Mortimor's capture can win a trial, and there is no chance of Mortimor's capture at all."

"Could no one but Mortimor prosecute?" asked Theresa Nelson.

"Oh, the Crown would prosecute, as that uncle of the poor girls refuses to stir in the matter, because of the terrible family affliction and the impossibility of his younger niece telling what only she can know! But of what use would the prosecution be? There would be only the circumstantial evidence which Miss Glenorris has rebutted."

"And of course, dear," said Mrs. Fears-Kienon sweetly, "as you parted from Mr. Lester here at a quarter-past eleven, that man could not have seen him leave the Moat at half-past ten, could he?"

"No," said Joy, "I don't think he could."

"Then," said Mr. Meredith, pondering, "it will be fatal for Mr. Lester if Mortimor turns up, and equally fatal if he does not, as Lester paid the man's passage out of England."

"He!"

The hasty single word drew many eyes to Joy; but in the next instant she was carefully putting down upon Roland's tray her dainty little cup of egg-shell china. Mrs. Fears-Kienon's handsome shoulders were lifted slowly.

"You unhappily know Mr. Lester so little, dear. Why, you scarcely ever used to speak to him—or he to you! Every one noticed it."

"We were like those entertaining people Anne was reading of the other day," said Joy tranquilly, while her eyes idly followed Roland's white silk ankles. "'Salutes and gestures were their sole discourse.' I—rather like it."

"Is that why," asked Mrs. Fears-Kienon, "you said you would spend all you possess to trace this murder to the man—or woman—who did it?"

"Don't scatter your wealth, Miss Glenorris," said Doctor Calmady. "Lester will not allow himself to be wrongfully suspected, and all will soon come right."

"Indeed I hope so," declared Mr. Pardy warmly. "Lester has good qualities which ought to excuse the follies of his youth."

"If his youth had follies—yes," said Joy Glenorris calmly; and Norman's smile was not so easy to him as it seemed, though perfectly successful in showing he excused her follies.

"I hope," cried Doctor Calmady, half raising his eyes in his earnest excitement, "he will speak out soon, and not try that miserably mistaken plan of silent endurance. Those highly-bred sensitive men often would die rather than confess they suffer."

"Is not that innate manliness?" asked Anne shyly; but Doctor Calmady only laughed.

"He is so independent," declared Mr. Meredith. "I remember his telling me once how, having seen men ruined, he wondered any man could help trying to prevent it while he had strength. I sometimes fancy that a near friend of his may have—gone wrong."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Pardy reflectively, "he himself has lately learned the terrible lesson that a wrong action will surely bring at last its tragic retribution."

"It is not probable," declared Doctor Calmady stoutly. "A man must be a fool who reaches my age in my profession without pretty fairly understanding human nature; and that man is not only tender-hearted, but strong-hearted too."

"I fancy we all think with you, Doctor Calmady," said Joy, rising from her cushions with the most delicate flush spreading to the bright little curly locks upon her temples. "Shall we have a little music?"

She played herself—the rich full dreamy music she absorbed—and Anne went away, as she often did when the expression of Joy's playing grew too intense. Then the Nelson girls sang, and Mr. Meredith joined Eliza in a duet, and then Doctor Calmady bade good night, as he had promised to look in on old Bridget.

"Bridget maintains," he said, "that on the day that murder was discovered she 'partly died!' I tried to-day to account for her weakness by reminding her that she was of a great age. 'I dunno' 'bout that,' she said, in an injured tone; 'but, anny way, I'm a very old woman.' Good-bye, Miss Glenorris. The country is too dull for you now, for you want cheering—indeed we all do—and I'm delighted that Lady Vickery is going to give a ball in the first week of the shooting. Oh, but, talking of gaiety, I forgot to tell you that I met the Rector of Newchurch in the town to-day, and he wanted to know whether you have decided to accede to his request and, with what he calls your well-known generosity, assist in lessening the debt on their church by holding a fancy-fair in your charming grounds. I confessed I had heard it discussed here, but no decision arrived at. I believe only Mr. Lester was in disfavor of it."

"I fear," said Mrs. Fears-Kienon, with that swift parting of the lips which did duty for a smile, "that would give any one the impression that Mr. Lester is an extremely prejudiced person, and does not appreciate my cousin's good nature. The fair would be a beautiful sight, Joy dear, and held in a good cause. You never could be so ungracious as to refuse."

"Why should I?"

"I know, dear, that you would not be so idiotic as to be influenced by Mr. Lester's prejudices."

Joy smiled as if there were no doubt about it, while she shook hands with her visitors; but, when they had left, she went with Anne to her own room, and lingered there in an absent manner, as if she scarcely was thinking what she did.

"Are you anxious about anything?" asked Anne, wondering.

"I should be, if I thought it would be of any use, Anne," was the wistful answer, as the girl stood facing her cousin. "I should be anxious—just for once to do the right thing rightly—just for once before I die."

"Oh, is that all?" Miss Kienon questioned, with relief.

"Anne"—with a futile effort at perfect ease and indifference—"you are clever at figures and I am not. What do you think a fancy-fair in the Merlswood grounds would bring to that new church?"

"My dear, how can I judge? Of course the Rector thinks it would be a good thing, perhaps give them a hundred pounds—or two; but I had no idea you had decided on it till you said so to-night."

"Will you write to that clergyman, please, Anne, and say I will give three hundred pounds to the church, but will have no fancy-fair at Merlswood?"

"But, Joy"—gazing anxiously into the brilliant troubled eyes—"what has made you look so—so——"

"So scared, is it?" laughed Joy. "So would you look scared, Miss Kienon, if a dreadful ghoul were treading closely on your heels. Oh, you would! Now good night, my dear, good night!"

CHAPTER XX.

IT seemed that Joy Glenorris's lightly-uttered surmise was true, and that Gervys Lester did not mean that the truth should be made public property. He had told at once that illness had caused his continued absence; but no further explanation did he vouchsafe at all. People felt that all he said, and all he might say, would be truth; but what was it that he did not, or would not, say? What was there that he might say?

Day after day he went on, his own quiet independent way, bravely trying, step by step, to tread down the horrible suspicion which had risen, he knew, as a great barrier between him and even those who felt most kindly to him. No man whom he knew seemed to suspect him, yet that the burden of doubt was there he felt only too keenly.

"He is fighting the foul fiend bravely,

however quietly," said Doctor Calmady to his wife; "but how is he to annihilate him when he is fed and strengthened persistently and secretly from a source no one recognises?"

"And, sad to say," added Charlotte, "environed as he is with ugly facts."

"Pooh! The black looks grow from the insidious whispers, if one could only find out who spreads them. The truth about that man Mortimor is what we must try to gain; yet, if the money for his leaving England was paid by Mr. Lester—and no one contradicts that save Miss Glenorris—it is perhaps best, after all, that he should not be obtainable as a witness."

At the Knoll no doubt of him was ever entertained. Sir Hussay Vickery, in his authoritative off-hand fashion, pooh-poohed any idea of Lester's guilt, and always had the hand of fellowship to give him; but when the subject was discussed in his presence, he could not go deeper than that pooh-pooh of incredulity, and was always obviously relieved to change the topic. Mr. Meredith staunchly declared it utterly impossible to him to believe Gervys Lester capable of even a mean—not to mention a criminal—act. Mrs. Kienon and Kate sweetly protested it was impossible for Mr. Lester to have deceived them, and Anne grew almost bitter as of old in her vindication of him.

Yet day by day the rift grew wider, the shadow spread, the chill deepened; and Gervys Lester, trying to defy the consciousness of this, went on his quiet way, cruelly aware of the growing avoidance of him through all the warmth and kindness of his own friends. And what wonder was it that those who saw him in his dark hours began to speak of him as moody or ill-tempered?

Miss Beton and Joy had had several long consultations, and soon there appeared in the *Times* an advertisement telling her old servant that a letter waited to be forwarded when her address should be known, and with the pathetic little addition, "Australian and American papers, please copy."

Mr. Johnson never expressed his own opinion to Miss Glenorris at that time; but he was always ready to consult with her, and to advise her, and to obey her.

Day by day Joy had to bear the reiteration of what surprise Gervys Lester's silence caused, and night after night she lay awake wondering over it. All that he would say, she knew, would be the truth; but what was it he withheld? Of the pain his silence gave her no one ever guessed. It was far worse even than the pain of that long waiting for his return; but it was only in the night and in solitude that she allowed herself to face it. And all this time, in her great restlessness, she was even colder to him and more uncertain in her treatment of him than she had ever been before; yet, when Kate or Mrs. Kienon — building on her apparent disregard of him or opposition to him—would betray in her presence their own cold calculating mistrust, she would stand at bay and speak of him with such fierce loyalty and trust, such prompt unquestioning praise, such firm, glad, quick appreciation, that no wonder they could not understand, and—with the sneer which Joy knew well—smiled, and said how strange she was! For this they said of all thoughts or habits not their own.

It seemed that, as the days passed on, Joy changed with each. She was unhappy, silent, pale one day; then wildly merry, reckless and talkative; now pitiful to all, wistful, tender; now cold and indifferent, or irritable; now anxious, excitable, dreading to be alone; now sad and grave and seeking solitude. Yet there was always a strange brave steadfastness in the beautiful gray eyes, undisturbed by all these varying moods.

And so the days went on, until one day Anne said, in her sensible practical way:

"Joy, I don't think you are quite so chilly or defiant to Mr. Lester as you used to be."

And Joy, with a quick catch in her breath that was the death of tears, answered quite readily—

"No, Anne, because—and you will own it is a good reason—Mr. Lester keeps as far away from me as he possibly can."

Pondering almost ceaselessly over the source of that cruel whisper which no one could trace, Joy Glenorris got into the habit of shutting herself into the late Squire's library, as if it would be easier there to pursue a distinct train of thought. And one afternoon, just two days before Lady Vickery's ball, she sat musing at the writing-table after she had finished her letters, and absently turning over the leaves of a large, handsome blotting-book which had been Mr. Glenorris', until she caught herself following what seemed like a short letter blotted at once, and therefore complete on the blotting-paper.

She would not probably have noticed this but for the fact that there was an odd-looking word there which she had noticed again and again on the blotter, ending, as it seemed, with a large O and a flourish before it.

She took the blotter and held the sheet before a mirrored panel in the oak cabinet, reading with no difficulty at all:

"Dear Ozanne,—It cannot affect my boy in any case.

"Yours,

"W. GLENORRIS."

That was all, yet the girl's heart was beating strangely when she finished reading these few words. She knew this must be the Mr. Ozanne who held the living of Merlswood, and who had been Wilfred Glenorris' tutor.

Perhaps he would be able to throw some light on that question of a possible will which Agatha Porch had tried so hard to answer! He might, indeed, give some faint clue as to any enemy Miss Porch would run the risk of meeting by that haunting fancy of their being a will in existence. In any case she would go to him.

She took up a hat as she passed through the hall, and put it on as she went to the open entrance-door. There she saw her phaeton, with a groom, fully equipped, standing at the horses' heads.

"Oh, I forgot I had ordered the ponies!" said Miss Glenorris, absently. "Where is Miss Kienon?"

"She went out an hour ago, ma'am, and told me to tell you that she was sketching in Red Cove."

"Then I will drive to the head of Testy's Cove and send the ponies round."

Roland stood watching her as she drove away, the pretty, slight young figure very upright as she guided the beautiful grays; and Roland never dreamed that, while she managed her reins so skilfully, her thoughts were far away.

From the head of Testy's Cove she sent the horse's on through Eastmouth to the head of Red Cove, and she ran down the stony little path and to the water's edge, not doubting that the boatman would be there. But she looked in vain for him along the cove.

As a boat was coming swiftly to land, she waited; then, having so obviously stood with the intention of speaking, she could not turn away when she found the boat did not contain the young boatman, but Gervys Lester.

"Are you looking for me?" asked Lester, standing up in the boat as it grated on the shingle close beside her.

"For Bowden," explained Joy, briefly, her rather limp garden-hat hiding the sudden flash in her eyes which was almost like fear. "I want him to row me round into Red Cove."

"I will," said Lester, calmly. "Bowden is not to be found; but I will row you with pleasure."

"Thank you," returned Miss Glenorris, pondering in a dignified manner, "but it does not signify."

With a half smile on his lips, he stood for a few moments looking down upon her, then proffered his hand.

"Come," he said. "I can handle an oar as well as Bowden, and I will not capsize the boat just because chance—nothing else—has brought you into it. I know you want Miss Kienon, and I will take you to her."

"I would rather," said Joy, with a suddenly brilliant idea, "that you brought her to me."

"And I would rather," he amended, "take you to her. Why should you have your own way in everything? Come!"

She looked around slowly, as if seeking some other means of attaining her end, and Lester smiled.

"No, there is no other chance for you," he said. "I am as sorry as you are—for your sake—but isn't it a pity to waste time? We might almost have been round the head by now, and your bad quarter of an hour would have been nearly over."

"Yes," she said, slowly extending her hand; "of course it is very silly ever to hesitate over such very—mere trifles."

Then she seated herself with the same feeble dignity, and he pulled away, looking consciously at the prim young lips, and admiring the skill with which she had managed to tilt her hat when he sat down opposite to her.

"Mr. Lester" she said presently, having waited in vain for him to speak.

"I am here, Miss Glenorris, as you could, see, if you chose."

"Have you—since you have been living near Merlswood—heard much of Wilfred Glenorris?? Was he nice?"

"An honorable, hot-tempered, strong-willed, true-hearted fellow, but whether nice or not I do not know."

"Had he a tutor called Ozanne?"

"Yes."

"Peter Ozanne?"

"Yes."

"It is an odd name," she observed, pausing before her important question, yet called upon to say something, because he was resting on his oars as if waiting for her next question.

"Yes; old Bridget told me one day that she knew only two Peters—Peter in the Bible and Parson Peter Ozanne."

"Have you ever heard," she inquired, without the smile Lester had tried to evoke, "where he lives?"

"Oh, yes! The place is called Exmarsh and is a few miles from the great black town of Exton on the Marshes. His is the Parsonage House. You wonder that I know?" he said, for, reading something on her lips, he had peered to look below the hat-brim.

"You are rowing very slowly, Mr. Lester."

"Yes—are you in such haste to join Miss Kienon, and to leave me? See how Pasha persuades you to sit still where you are, and to brighten one short half-hour for his ill-tempered master."

"But," said the girl, looking at but not touching the beautiful head of the mastiff as it lay against her dress, "I have an important arrangement to discuss with Anne; I want her to go to London with me."

"To London?"

"You are a little abrupt, Mr. Lester, are'nt you?" asked Joy demurely. "Why should we not? For instance, suppose we want dresses?"

"I do not believe you would go to London for dresses."

"Indeed it is a capital plan—on economic principles. For instance, I hanker after a new costume. Well, I go to London, and immediately see hundreds of every kind, tawdry, exquisite, vulgar, picturesque, beautiful, unattainable. And then, having seen so many and so different, I have had enough of them, and find I don't want any. Now isn't that satisfactory?"

"The answer will do of course to silence me," observed Lester briefly.

"Suppose I say I want to show my cousin a little of London?"

"Miss Kienon hates London."

"But"—with a grave coy glance—"she has not tried it yet with me."

"True," said Lester, sternly resenting the glance, and mad with himself that his heart should beat so rapidly at meeting it.

"The worst of Anne is," continued the girl, 'n such a sedate and musing way that no one could have guessed that all such careless meaningless words were hard to say, "she enjoys so few town entertainments. She doesn't care much for music, feels nothing but her own artistic shortcomings in a picture-gallery, and only cares to go to a theatre where she is sure to be made to laugh. She would sooner stay at home and be over so dull than be taken out of herself and be made to cry."

"She thinks," said Lester, in the girl's sudden pause, "that there is enough of sorrow in real life."

"She says the unreality of fictitious grief jars upon her; but does not all unreality jar?" asked Joy, with droll politeness. "And why should the mirth be fictitious, and not the sorrow? The actor who makes us laugh may be sad enough at heart, just as the one who makes us cry may be ready to laugh at it all. The clown's heart may be aching, and every one of his merry words may hurt him—we should never know; Desdemona may be laughing behind the pillow that suffocates her, and we should never know. Isn't it better not to know, but to enjoy each and feel with each?"

"Yes," said Lester, "while it is possible. Then you are bent upon going to London, now, while every one you know is in the country? Suppose"—with a mischievous glance—"Mrs. Kienon forbids it?"

"You forget I am my own mistress."

"And Miss Kienon's?"

"To prevent Miss Kienon's suffering the pangs of disobedience," observed Miss Kienon's young cousin demurely, "I shall not mention her coming with me. There will be anger in any case; but it will be better for Anne that her people should not know our destination until we are on our way."

"Then you will depart secretly—if nothing prevents?"

"Not at all." A little gasp interrupted her as she met his honest anxious gaze. "Mr. Lester, you would not—stop us?"

"I!" he cried, the wrathful color darkening his bronzed face. "Am I so keen to interfere with any plan of yours, or to spoil any pleasure you anticipate?"

"Oh, no!" she said, faltering; and now, for the first time, she touched the dog beside her, bending her head above him. "I—beg your pardon."

And, after that, neither spoke until he drew the boat up on the beach in Red Cove; and, standing beside him in the bows, she thanked him for bringing her, and told him the ponies awaited her and Anne at the head of the cove. Then, without touching his hand, she sprang to the ground, and walked away quickly.

She told Miss Kienon all her plans, and the girls went homeward, talking more cheerfully than they had done for weeks, yet in all the pauses Joy found herself wishing she had not brought that angry flush to Gervys Lester's face.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE cousins breakfasted early next morning, and then, with Rachel and Keats drove into Torquay to catch the 9.20 fast train to town. From there the butler telegraphed to Mrs. Kienon, in Miss Glenorris's name, that she and Miss Kienon would not return until next day, and then to the hotel at the terminus to secure rooms and a carriage to meet their train, Keats having no idea of his young mistress's driving in a cab across London. From Liverpool Street—Keats keeping a very watchful eye upon her in the confusion and general uncleanness of that great station—he telegraphed to Exton, asking the station-master to secure a carriage for two ladies; then, having seen the train off, he took Rachel back to the hotel, gave his orders for dinner, and returned to Liverpool Street with the carriage in time to meet the earliest train by which the ladies could return.

Meanwhile the cousins travelled eastward through black and ugly suburbs, until they reached the noisy, busy, overcrowded town of Exton, where they left the train, and found a small wagonette awaiting them. Joy, talking in her kind frank way to the man who drove them out into the flat and marshy country, found him to be well acquainted with the Parsonage House at Exmarsh, and with the parson too.

"He's well known to all of us, miss, and as kind a man as ever lived," he said warmly. "They call him eccentric about here, and they're not far out, as he does things others don't; but, among it all, he does good others don't, and the people crowd to hear him. Why, he only built that church of his for the boilings over of Exton! They used to go nowhere; and it's a deal better to go to hear him. He bought a patch of the marsh, just four or five acres, and reclaimed it, and built a church for the over-fillings of the slums in the parishes behind, and a cottage adjoining it for himself. You might fancy that, as he can build, he can't preach; but he does, and far away beats most men I hear. And he does more than preach. He gives away a deal, and takes nothing. Oh, everybody likes Parson Ozanne!"

"Built the church himself, did you say?"

"Yes, all himself, miss, as one may say. I believe just at first he would have an occasional day's help from a mason, if he heard of one out of work; but, except for that—and it was very seldom—he did all himself, with his own old man, who is more than eighty now, and is sexton, organ-blower, bell-ringer, on Sundays, and on week-days gardener and a lot of things. And the house of—— But you'll see, miss; for here we are, though you wouldn't guess it, as you can't see the house till you almost touch it. I must wait here, ladies, and you'll go through that door."

The girls opened the narrow green door, and found themselves in a path winding between two hedges higher than even Joy's head, and followed it a long way, as it seemed, before they came suddenly upon a tiny house, surrounded by the smoothest, greenest turf dotted with little flower-beds of different and eccentric outlines, the high hedge encircling all. Before the little house a plump elderly gentleman in gray stockings, gray knickerbockers, and a loose gray coat stood smiling a welcome, to which he added a courteous bow when he saw who his visitors were, and a cheery explanation of how there being a communication from the outer gate into his study, he knew when to await visitors.

In an easy gentlemanly way, and with bright alert blue eyes, fixed almost exclusively on Miss Glenorris' face, he talked for a few minutes, and then led the girls through a darkened porch, where he paused to allow them to look through the colored window into what seemed to them a vista of statuary, but was in reality merely an arrangement of photographs, then into a tiny room stored, though not crowded, with geological and botanical specimens, astronomical charts and instruments, piles of manuscript, and galvanic batteries, not to mention a model church unfinished.

A little shyly Joy explained who she was and that she had taken the liberty of seeking Mr. Ozanne to ask a question, her only excuse being the name she bore.

He promptly and pleasantly assured her he was ready to answer any questions a Glenorris could put to him; and then, to set her at her ease, began to talk informally on other subjects.

At last she asked him a question about young Glenorris. He told her in a few words that his mother, the old Squire's wife, had driven him from home; that he had died in Australia, and that his father survived him but two weeks; that before his death she mysteriously disappeared, and that the shock of her going away that night must have killed him even if the loss of his son had not.

"And she?"

"She"—with ineffable contempt—"spent that night wrapped in furs in her brougham in the coach-house, satisfied in her vile desire to thoroughly alarm him. She died of apoplexy, then we heard of her son's death, in June of last year. I went to Merlswood when I heard that news; it stunned me at first, and I felt I could realize what it would be to the father, who was beginning to look forward to his boy's return, when those letters came. They had been written and sealed by himself, and left to be posted after his death. I believe the Squire scarcely knew me. Young Pardy was doing all he could for him; and I never saw any man so changed and heart-broken. I hated to see that puppy—excuse my strong and wrathful terms, Miss Glenorris—trying to fill Wilfred's place, and acting so differently—so differently. For the lad—I am not blinded by affection, though I loved him—was a true gentleman."

"Mr. Ozanne," asked Joy quietly, "you are quite assured of his death?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HORSEBACK RIDE IN THE AIR.—Over thirty years ago, Paris gathered in the Champs de Mars to see a gymnast ascend to the clouds on horseback. A light wind made the inflation of the balloon difficult. It took fifty men to hold it. A beautiful white pony was led out, well bred, saddled and bridled. He was to be suspended by a strong, wide linen cloth to which leather straps were fastened, and so was to dangle from the balloon. In the costume of a jockey, he mounted his horse, and gave the order to "let go." The horse was at first much frightened; but, as soon as the balloon got him fairly off from the ground, he remained quite motionless, as if his legs were paralyzed. The spectators were much moved, and some fainted; but the rider saluted them with cap and whip, as much at ease as if taking a canter in the Champs Elysees. When well on his way, he had occasion to climb his rope ladder to let off more gas, so as to ascend more rapidly. It was noticed that he left his pony without tying; and, when he came back, though the animal was not where he left him, the balloonist knew just where to look for him.

The height became too great for pony. The blood flowed copiously from his mouth. Pegasus had to come down a peg or two. Still he kept his appetite; when brushing along the tops of the trees, he cropped off the leaves; and, when trying to alight, which took considerable time, he eagerly bit off the ears as the scurried along over and through the corn fields. They finally recovered terra firma at Grisi, where great honors where paid them. The gymnast rode his horse into the great hall, where the population assembled to congratulate them. Then he rode back to Paris.

DREAM AND REALITY.

BY M. P. W.

"She must be tall and dark," he said,
"With regal crown on her queenly head
Of hair as black as night.
No color must be in her creamy face,
Her form must be slender and full of grace—
Beauties are always slight."

He wedded, instead, a blue-eyed girl,
Whose golden hair clustered in many a curl
Around her blushing cheek.
Small and well rounded was her form,
But she had, withal, a heart so warm
That no longer did he seek.

And so 'tis always here on earth—
We seek our ideals from our birth
In beings of common clay.
Alas! how soon our dreams are broken!
Ere yet the sweet love-vows are spoken
Our idols fade away.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XL.—[CONTINUED.]

AND we shall see you about one with the lunch?"

"Yes, uncle, and your pipe. Now don't tire yourself too much. Wouldn't you like a puggaree?"

"What, for a sun like this! Pooh, my dear, nonsense!"

Carleigh was busy patting the dogs, and laughing as he talked to them, while Sir Harry was bidding good-bye to Lady Fanshaw, who seemed day by day to grow larger-eyed and more pale.

Somehow the dogs did not seem to take to Carleigh, but he laughed it off. When trying to play with Bess's ears the setter uttered a low growl that made him snatch his hand away and then frown, as he glanced round to see if he was observed.

"A little snappish, Burton," he said, laughing.

"Yes, sir. She hev her likes and dislikes, same as human beings has," replied the keeper. "I wouldn't touch her, sir, if I was you. She might snap."

"Oh, pooh! rubbish!" cried Carleigh. "Bess knows me, don't you, old girl? Good old dog then!"

He started back, white as ashes, for the long hair rose round the dog's neck, and with an angry snarl she displayed her white teeth, muttering low as she withdrew behind the keeper.

"Why, Burton, how's this?" cried Sir Harry, warmly. "The dog must be ill. She's not safe. You had better take her back. Why, Bess?"

With every trace of anger gone, the beautiful animal, on hearing Sir Harry's voice, set up her ears, and, waving her great silky plume-like tail from side to side, ran to him, and began to whine and fawn about him, ending by thrusting her nose into his hand.

"Why, Bess, you gipsy, what does all this mean?"

The dog bent over against his leg, and looked up, literally smiling with her soft liquid eyes.

"She seems right enough now, Burton. Why, what's the matter with her?"

Burton shook his head. He dare not glance at Carleigh.

"Dogs be queer beasts, Sir Harry. There's no accounting for 'em; but I think she's all right. P'r'aps it's that squirl's tail in the captain's hat."

"Oh, nonsense! Here, George, come and pat her!"

Carleigh felt as if he would rather have headed a forlorn hope; but, mastering himself as the horror of hydrophobia ran through his brain, he advanced, smiling, to pat the retriever.

The effect was magical. The dog seemed as if she had been galvanised, for, springing into a rigid attitude before her master, the long silky hair rose up again about her neck, and she burst into a furious bay, seeming ready to spring at the captain's throat if he approached another step.

He stopped short, smiling, while Sir Robert and Judith looked on, and Lady Fanshaw, who was deadly pale, stood with her hands clasped before her, fascinated by the scene.

"Give me your whip, Burton!" cried Sir Harry, his eyes flashing and his old soldierly bearing setting him up stiff, and frowning as if he were about to quell some mutiny in his brigade.

Burton glanced at Bess, and a sigh escaped him as he reluctantly thrust his hand in his pocket.

"I think p'r'aps she be a bit wrong, Sir Harry," he said, apologetically. "I'll tak' and chain her up."

"Give me that whip!" cried Sir Harry, in stern, commanding tones that brooded no refusal, and, looking pity at his favorite the while, Burton touched his hat and reluctantly handed the heavy dog-whip to his master.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, "she be put out. I wouldn't beat her. She might fly at you."

"Stand back, sir!" cried Sir Harry, fiercely; and Lady Fanshaw turned faint, and a strange thrill of fear ran through Carleigh as he saw what the fine old man before him could be when roused.

"Carleigh—George!" he cried, as if giving an order for a charge, "come and pat this dog!"

Bess was in front of her master as if defending him, and Carleigh took another step forward.

It seemed to madden poor Bess, who barked again savagely and gathered herself up to spring, when *crack, crack, crack* came three sharp cuts upon her flanks, and the dog uttered three shrill cries, leaping round and crouching at Sir Harry's feet, grovelling along upon the ground till she laid her head upon one of his boots, and whined and cried piteously, almost like a child.

"How dare you!" cried Sir Harry, placing one foot upon the dog's neck, when she lay over on her side, and looked up at him reproachfully. "Now get up!"

The dog sprang to her feet and looked up as if for further orders.

"Now come here and beg the captain's pardon!" cried Sir Harry, seizing Bess by the ear and leading her forward.

With a furious shake of the head she freed herself, and broke into another savage burst of barking as Carleigh raised his hand, smiling, but vowing death and destruction to the dog.

"Down!" roared Sir Harry, and he had raised the whip again to strike, when Judith caught his arm.

"Don't! Please, uncle, don't!" she cried piteously. "It cuts me too!"

"Pardoned!" said Sir Harry. "I wouldn't have beaten her, my dear; but she must not behave like that."

"Poor Bess – poor darling old Bess!" cried Judith, sinking on her knees on the gravel path to put her arms round the dog's neck, the tears running down her cheeks the while. "There, there then! Good old doggie. Now come with me."

She sprang up, and Bess, who had laid her head upon her shoulder, with her thin red tongue lolling out, bounded round her, barking with delight; but as Judith took her by the ear and tried to coax her towards the captain there was a repetition of the former scene, and Carleigh said, cavalierly—

"Oh! never mind, sir. She'll get over it when we're in the fields."

"I don't like to be beaten," cried Sir Harry, sharply, and his grey moustache seemed to twitch.

"No, we don't, Harry," said Sir Robert. "George Carleigh has been beating the dog, I suppose."

"Really no!" cried Carleigh. "I have not touched her."

"I've beaten her, but she never resents that; does she, Sam?"

"No, Sir Harry, never. I often used to thrash her when she was young."

"Come here, Bess. There," cried Sir Harry, as the dog ran up wagging her tail, "she bears no malice. You try her, Bob."

"Here, Bess!"

The dog ran to Sir Robert, sprang up, and laid her paws upon his chest.

"Quiet enough with me."

"Call her, my dear," said Sir Harry.

Lady Fanshaw made a desperate effort to master the faintness that oppressed her, and called the dog.

Bess went to her but slowly, without any of her previous manifestations of pleasure, and involuntarily Sir Harry cocked his gun, the click, click sounding loudly in the morning air.

If the dog had sprung at his wife—at the idol of his heart—he would have shot her dead, and he turned pale as he watched what took place.

It was a strange group, for every one present in front of the ivy-grown old building seemed to have been turned to stone. Judith clung to her uncle; Carleigh bit his nether lip and gazed at the dog with contracted eyes; and Burton had started forward as he saw Sir Harry's action, and then, bound by long discipline, stopped short.

But there was no cause for fear.

Bess went slowly forward with lowered tail, looking wistfully up at Lady Fanshaw, and as she stretched out one white hand the dog licked it gently and lay down at her feet.

"There, that will do," cried Sir Robert. "Come along. Don't talk to her, George. I know what it is," he said, smiling; "he has been giving her cigar ends hot to eat."

"We had better leave her behind," said Sir Harry.

"No, no! she'll be right enough if George leaves her alone. Bess is a woman dog. You want her to do something and she says she won't, and when a woman says she won't, she won't: will she, Judy?"

"No, uncle, never," cried Judith, and by accident she glanced at Carleigh, and their eyes met.

"Well, we are wasting time," cried Sir Harry. "Forward there!"

"All right!" cried Sir Robert. "Coming to the gate with us, Judy? Why, Sam, you must teach that dog better manners."

"Very sorry, Sir Robert," said Burton, huskily. "I'll try."

"She is generally so good, Sam," said Judith.

"She be, miss, and thank you kindly, miss, for taking her part; I think a deal o' she."

Burton and the lad went forward with the dogs, and Sir Robert said to himself—

"I'm afraid I'm a very suspicious old brute."

"Quite a scene!" said a voice that made him start, and Carleigh joined them.

"I'm going back now, uncle," said Judith, suddenly. "I shall see you soon. Good-bye."

She kissed him, and ran back to where Sir Harry was standing, with his wife's hand in his, gazing fondly down at her, while her eyes were fixed on his with a timid, pleading look, as full of reverence and love that the old man felt as if he could hardly tear himself away.

"Good-bye, my own!" he said, kissing her hand tenderly. "Be in good time! Good-bye, Judy!"

"I don't think I shall kiss you," said Judith, pouting. "I can feel the strokes of that cruel whip all round me now."

She gave herself a writhe, half playful, half serious.

"And I took the part of and defended your betrothed," said Sir Harry, catching her by the arm.

"George must have done something very wicked and cruel," said Judith, pettishly, "or Bess would never have flown at him like that."

"Ah!" said Sir Harry, gravely, "you must learn to think a little better of George, my dear. There, I must be off. Good-bye, my dears, good-bye."

The General strode off after the others, his gun under his arm, and just then a gun barrel flashed a hundred yards away, and Carleigh turned and waved his hand, waiting for Sir Harry to join him.

Lady Fanshaw was trembling, for a horrible thought had suddenly crossed her troubled mind.

Those two were going out together carrying guns. Suppose——

She dared not think it out, but shrank into the house trembling; and, as Judith passed an arm round her, she shuddered as she thought of the horrors of that night. To crush the witness of that love scene she knew that Carleigh had slain a man—the lover of the poor girl at her side. Would such a one as he scruple to proceed further to gain his ends, and perhaps by accident remove the obstacle in his path?

The thought was so terrible that she felt as if she must rush out after them and stand beside Sir Harry all the day, to shield him with her own bosom if needs be; and it was only by a strong effort that she was able to calm herself and talk to Judith about the scene that had taken place with the dog.

Lady Fanshaw would have avoided the subject, but Judith insisted on returning to it, and at last, as they were sitting together thinking it would soon be time for the pony carriage to be brought round, Judith exclaimed, looking fixedly in her cousin's eyes—

"I'm so glad, Alice, dear, that you are not so warm to George Carleigh as you used to be."

"Judith!" cried Lady Fanshaw.

"Don't be angry with me for speaking plainly. I am glad, for I don't like George at all.

"Oh, Judy, dear, be still."

"Yes, I will directly: but I was going to say Bess would not have flown at him if she had not known that he was a very wicked man."

Lady Fanshaw's face was like marble as she met her cousin's eyes. Then, constrained to say something, she exclaimed—

"Absurd! how could a dog know?"

"Dogs have more sense than people think, and——good gracious! what's that?"

It was some one running, and on looking out they could see the boy who had led the dogs coming panting down the drive.

Lady Fanshaw rushed to the open window, and Judith hardly recognised the voice in which she hoarsely cried—

"What is it—speak, boy, what is wrong?"

"One o' the grooms—to fetch the doctor," panted the lad. "Captain—shot him dead."

Judith was just in time to catch her cousin as she reeled back from the window, her horrible thoughts having come back like an endorsement of the terrible announcement; and as she subsided in Judith's arms she moaned forth—

"God help me now! What shall I do?"

CHAPTER XLI.

A PITCHED BATTLE.

PANNELL'S shout roused his confederates to action, for the pair had exchanged glances and hesitated.

"Do you hear? cried Pannell, more sternly, as he proved his value to his party in pluck and strength where he was wanting in brains.

"Stand back, John Pannell, cried Range, catching up a chair and whirling it above his head. "Stand back, or I shall do you a mischief."

"Do it," said Pannell, coolly.

Mewburn drew a short staff from his pocket, and Sheldrake caught a pillow from the bed—an absurd weapon of offence; but he knew what he was about.

"Put down that chair," cried Pannell.

"Look here," shouted Range, "I don't want to injure you, John Pannell, but if you come a step farther I'll break your head"'

"Do it," said the latter again, and without hesitation he advanced.

Range made a tremendous blow at him with the chair, but at the same moment, just as his attention was taken up by his most active assailant, Sheldrake hurled the pillow and struck him full in the face, Pannell dashed at and grappled with him, and Mewburn leaped at him from behind, and flung his arms round his legs.

A tremendous struggle ensued, during which the four men seemed to be knitted into one writhing, heaving mass. They swayed here and they swayed there; the table was overset with a crash; and amidst the sound of hoarse, panting and inarticulate cries uttered by the prisoner, the bed creaked as if it were about to collapse. Pannell having thrown himself forward with all his strength, bearing back Range, who fell with the weight of a giant upon him, heavy enough to break in his ribs.

"Oh! oh! Help! help!" shrieked a voice.

"Here, I'll hold him; I can now," growled Pannell. "Pull that idiot out of the way."

"That idiot" was Mewburn, who was tightly pinioned beneath the legs of the contending men.

Sheldrake extricated him, and he stood feeling himself all over, swearing viciously.

"He nearly broke my back," he cried. "I'm very much hurt."

Then, as if seized by a malicious desire to retaliate, he ran and picked up the little staff he had dropped, avoided Sheldrake's attempt to detain him, and struck the prisoner two vicious blows on one leg.

His arm was raised to strike a third, but with one vigorous kick in the ribs Range sent him staggering back, and then, unable to save himself, the ruffian came down in a sitting position upon the floor.

Pannell smiled grimly, and, now that the prisoner was helpless, Sheldrake laughed out-right.

"There, you may as well give in, Range, old man," growled Pannell, holding his captive down easily.

"When I am breathless," was the reply; and Range continued to struggle fiercely.

"Oh! very well then; if you're hurt it isn't my fault. Here don't sit there, Nathan; come and hold his legs. Now then, Frank, hand me that waistcoat. That's it. Come, Arthur, my lad, it's of no use to show fight; you may as well give in. We're three to one, and I'm double your strength."

"Coward!" panted Range, as he struggled with all his might; but he had Pannell's whole weight upon him, and in spite of his efforts the latter, with Sheldrake's help, forced the strait-jacket on; then first one arm was crippled, and then the other, Mewburn and Sheldrake each seizing a sleeve, and holding it down on either side of the bed, with Range's arms stretched out.

This done, Pannell rose and threw one of the big straps right across the prisoner's waist, dragging it tight, and buckling it rapidly.

"I'm done, for this time," thought Range; and as he lay stretched upon his back his starting eyes fell upon the big cobweb up in the corner by the ceiling, where the spider was busily pinioning a large fly which was making a fight for liberty and life, and it all seemed applicable to his own case as he felt himself thrust and dragged into the middle of the bed, while a couple more straps were thrown over him and secured.

Next the sleeves of the jacket were fastened to the sides of the bed, and Range lay perfectly helpless, his face flushed, his eyes blood-shot, and his chest heaving with excitement and exertion.

"Didn't want to hurt you, my lad," said Pannell, quietly; "but it had to be done."

"I'll be even with you for this," said Mewburn, menacingly, as he thrust the staff into his pocket and arranged his ruffled clothes.

"No, no, my dear doctor, you don't mean that!" cried Sheldrake. "You must not give him a stronger dose on account of this paroxysm! He'll be better now."

"Just like his spite," thought Range, who heard all this, but felt his gaze fascinated by the actions of the spider in the corner. "Now he's going to suck his blood!"

"But they are not going to suck my blood—my money," he said to himself; and his eyes then met those of Pannell, whom he expected to see looking fiercely at him.

On the contrary, John Pannell was perfectly calm and unruffled, giving him, instead of a scowl, quite a friendly nod.

"You're pretty strong," he said, coolly "Better wait a bit, hadn't we?" he continued, throwing the quilt neatly over Range, and turning to Sheldrake, who was putting straight the over-turned table and chair.

"Wait? no; it does not matter. Are you going to give in now, Arthur, and sign the little papers—of course when your hand has grown steady again—my last thing tonight?"

Range turned away his head.

"Ah, well! we won't bother you now," said Sheldrake. "Go and call her in, Jack!"

Pannell nodded, and went to the door, returning at the end of a few minutes with Jane, armed with broom and pail.

"Say a word, Nathan," whispered Sheldrake.

Mewburn frowned, and looked maliciously at the prostrate man, who returned his gaze fiercely.

Then, turning to the girl, in a mocking, smooth voice he said—

"I would not speak to him, Jane. Do your work, and come away. He has been a little excited, but that is over now. You will not be afraid to do your work?"

"N—n—no," stammered the girl.

"And you remembered what I said?"

"Ye—yes, sir."

"Get your work done then! If he seems at all troublesome you can ring the bell."

"Ye—yes, sir; but——"

"You need not be in the slightest degree alarmed, Jane," said Sheldrake, blandly. "My poor brother will be calm now; but even if he were not," he whispered to the girl, "he is so strapped down that he cannot move."

The three men left the room, and as they closed the door Jane seized upon the long strips of carpet, rolled them up, and then began removing the various articles of furniture, preparatory to sweeping the room.

This done, she glanced in a frightened way at Range, caught up the broom and passed it round the ceiling.

Away went Range's spider, but only into a hole, while the partly-sucked fly and the web remained upon the broom.

"Are they listening?" said Range, in a low voice.

"Oh, my gracious!" exclaimed Jane, giving a jump towards the door.

"Don't be foolish, my lass," said Range, in a low voice. "Tell me: are they listening?"

"I—don't know," said the girl, in a frightened whisper, and holding the broom before her as a weapon to keep him off should he be disposed to make a jump at her, bed and all.

"Go and see," he said.

Jane did not hesitate for a moment, but ran to the door, glad of an excuse to get away; then once outside she shrank from returning.

But the fierce-looking eyes she had seen upon the bed exercised a fascination over her even outside in the long passage, and she felt constrained to return.

"Well," he said, eagerly, "are they gone?"

"Yes, sir, they're downstairs; and both doors is shet."

"Then now we can talk to each other."

"Oh! but please I don't want to talk to you, sir. I've got my work to do."

"Talk and do your work too. Don't be silly. I'm tied down here fast, and you don't suppose I should hurt you?"

"Oh! I don't know, please, sir; mad people is so treacherous."

Jane went on sweeping, with her eyes nearly all the time upon Range, who, now that he was cooling down, could not help feeling annoyed at the terror he inspired.

"Here, Jane!" he cried, suddenly, after a pause; and the girl jumped and struck the skirting-board heavily with her broom.

"Oh, don't please!"

"You silly girl! What a coward you are! Look here, come and loosen these sleeves, so that I can sit up."

"Not me!" cried the girl.

"Don't absurd. Come here."

Jane shook her head.

"'Tain't likely," she cried. "Here, if you keeps looking at me like that and don't be still I'am going to ring the bell for Dr. Parkins."

"No, no! don't do that. Loosen these sleeves; they hold me down too tightly."

"I wouldn't, no, not if you was to fill my lap full of gold. And there, I shan't listen to you. I've got to get my work done."

Here Jane began to rattle her broom about in corners, and made a tremendous dust.

"I'll be still then, only you might talk to me."

"I don't want to talk to you. I'm 'feard on you."

"Afraid of me! Why, do I look so very bad?"

"Horrid!" said the girl, stopping to rest on her broom. "Your hair's cut so short, and you want shaving badly, and you've got such a dreadful look in your eye. I say, why don't you get well! Your young lady would take on if she see you like this."

"My young lady?" said Range, starting so that he made the bed creak and Jane jump towards the bell.

"Do be quiet! Don't you see I'm quite helpless here?"

"But you might break away," faltered Jane.

"Absurd! Tell me what you mean about my young lady."

"Her as you went mad about? I heerd 'em talking about it downstairs."

"Ah!" raged Range; and Jane edged nearer the bell.

"It's all a lie, Jane!" he cried. "Don't you believe it. There isn't a word of truth in it."

"But you have got a young lady, haven't you, sir?"

"No! no! no!" cried Range; "and I'm no more mad than you are. If you can, you tell anybody you see that I am kept a prisoner here by these people on account of my money."

Jane nodded sagely.

"What do you mean by that?" he cried.

"Now I know you must be just a little mad, sir."

"Why?"

"Because that's just what Mr. Range told me you'd say; and so did missis."

"Oh, confound them!" ejaculated Range, making the bed creak again, and causing the girl to hold out her broom once more as a protection, till, seeing how helpless he was, she once more went on busily with her work, and the prisoner lay thinking.

"What a state I am in," he said to himself, "to be so eager to make friends with you poor simple wench; but I do feel so lonely, and as if it would give me fortitude to have something to look forward to, even if it is only the sympathy of a woman like this."

"There," said Jane at last, as she took a duster from her apron string and began replacing and dusting the various pieces of furniture; "now you begin to look tidy again, and if I was you I would try to get better as soon as I could."

"But, my good girl, I'm not ill."

"Oh, yes, you are! They told me you was, and I can see for myself. You're so excited like; but I'm not going to be afraid of you any more, if you'll promise not to hurt me if you get loose."

"I would not hurt a hair of your head, Jane."

"Thankye, sir," said the girl, and, giving her head a shake, she proceeded to tighten up a long twist that was escaping from the hair-pins. "Now I must go."

"And you'll come and talk to me sometimes in the next room?"

"Will it make you bad if I do?"

"Bad! no: it will do me good."

"Then I will sometimes, if you'll promise me to try and get better; and then, be!" how glad your young lady would

"I have no young lady, Jane," said Range, quietly.

"Are you sure sir?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Oh! there, I can't stop talking here all day. Your place is tidy now, and here they come."

Jane made a dart at the chimney-piece, sweeping the little ornaments on one side, and busily dusting, as steps were heard; and directly after Sheldrake and his companions entered the room.

"Done, Jane?" said Sheldrake. "Ah! yes! that's nice and tidy now. I hope my poor brother has been quiet."

"Yes, sir, he've been lying as still as a lamb, sir," replied Jane, giving a finishing touch to the mantelpiece before catching up the broom and brushes and hurrying out of the room.

"Yes; nice and calm now," said Mewburn, with a mocking smile. "I think we might get him ready to see the visitors, hey?"

Sheldrake glanced at the prisoner, and nodded. Then turning to the other two, they talked together in a low voice, while the blood seemed to rush to Range's head.

A visitor! Get him ready to see some stranger! What were they going to do? Drug him? Treat him as he had read somewhere of a sane patient being treated, to give him the semblance of madness while he was seen by those who, if they had found him sane, would have had him freed. What did they mean?

The agony he suffered in those few moments was terrible; the veins in his temples throbbed, his muscles swelled, and he began to feel at last that if this suspense went on his enemies would need to do very little to throw him off his balance.

Yes; he was sure of it. The wretches were about to treat him in the same way as that unfortunate patient; and in a few moments he believed that he should be lying raving there, and sooner than this, had he not better give up everything he owned?

No; that would be too great a triumph for them, and they should do their worst.

"I'd sooner die—yes, even mad—than let these scoundrels win such a victory."

He had worked himself up to this pitch when his blood seemed suddenly to leave his head, where it had throbbed and burned him, to leave him chilled and pale, for just then Mewburn thrust one hand into his breast pocket and advanced to the bedside with a malicious smile.

CHAPTER XLII.

KNOCKING AWAY A PROP.

THERE was all the desire to take advantage of Range's helpless position, and retaliate cruelty, in Mewburn's heart; but he was only a part of the confederation, and as the carrying out of such designs as he had in his head would have been injurious to the prospects of the party, including himself; and as, moreover, his companions were present, and would not have permitted outrage, Range's fears were needless, and the visitor was not going to see him in a state of stupor, or of raving madness.

Mewburn only came and bent over him with a smile, and made a profession of feeling pulse and temple.

"Yes, he is quite calm, now."

"Fetch him up then, my dear John," said Sheldrake.

"Why don't you do it yourself?" remonstrated Pannell. "You can, you know."

"My dear brother John, this is administrative, not executive. The duty you propose is not clerical, and I do not care to undertake it. Besides, what does it matter? If poor Arthur here does begin chattering, well, he does. There, there I leave these matters to me."

Range lay motionless, and gazing straight up at the ceiling, forcing himself to be perfectly calm, but with his brain working hard to find out the intentions of his tormentors.

Pannell left the room without a word, and his confederates sat chatting quietly, till once more steps were heard, and Sheldrake smiled as he saw the rapid glance Range darted at the opening door.

The latter noted the smile, and bit his lip, for he felt that he had been guilty of a display of weakness; but his attention was taken up by the appearance of the new comer—a little, smoothly-shaven man, with white face and two little black eyes that would suggest currants in an unbaked cake.

He was no doctor, for he entered unrolling a white apron, and bowing to all in turn with an obsequious "Good-morning," and a remark or two about the weather, then a request for some hot water, which, by Sheldrake's foresight, was already waiting on the washstand.

"Why, he's a barber?" said Range, to himself, with a sigh of relief; and he lay watching the man, who glanced at him inquiringly, and then at Mewburn, and lastly at Sheldrake.

"My brother is much better this morning Mr. Gentles," said the latter. "This is Mr. Gentles, Arthur, old fellow," he continued. "You'll be more comfortable after a good shave."

Range did not reply.

"If he—could be—a little more hup, sir," said Mr. Gentles.

"Oh, to be sure!" said Sheldrake. "Jack, old fellow, he might sit up now, I think. You'd like to sit up, wouldn't you?"

Range made no reply, and Pannell and Sheldrake each began to unfasten a sleeve, while the barber edged towards Mewburn, and, while stropping a razor, whispered something about "making a dash at it, you know."

"Oh, no! No fear!" said Mewburn. "You feel quite calm now?"

Range had it in his heart to fly out at the speaker; but he felt that he would best serve his turn by being quiet. The time for escape had not yet arrived, so he quietly nodded. The barber seemed satisfied, and approached the bedside, where the patient, as he termed him, was sitting up, the sleeves of the waistcoat having been loosened for the purpose.

The three confederates, to Range's great astonishment, drew away to one of the windows, and left him in one of the barber's hands, the man beginning to chatter, after the fashion of his trade, as he frothed up the lather with his brush.

"Nice morning for a drive for you, sir—that's it, sir—mouth shut, please, sir! Time you was shaved, sir. That's the way. Not too hot eh? That's right."

Range replied with nods and negative motions, while the soap was well rubbed in, and remained perfectly passive as every scrap of a tolerably long stubble was removed most dexterously from his cheeks, lip, and chin.

"This razor hurt you, sir? No? That's right. Quite a new one, sir; German make. Sounds raspy, for your beard's a bit wiry, sir. That's right. There. Quite refreshing, ain't it, sir?"

He chattered away, sponging off the remains of the lather, and dabbing his client's chin with a soft towel as he finished. Then, turning to Sheldrake—

"I think you said the head too, sir?"

"Yes, yes, of course!" was the reply.

"Stop!" cried Range, angrily. "I will not submit to this!"

The barber started back as if he had been shot, but the little party by the window did not stir. Sheldrake alone spoke.

"Now, my dear Arthur," he said, blandly, "don't be so foolish. You know Dr. Parkins wishes it. See how comfortable and cool you have been since your hair was all cut off.

"I say I will not submit to this!" cried Range.

"Nonsense! my dear boy. You can have a wig, or a little velvet cap, if you like. There, there! don't be obstinate, old fellow, pray!"

"It will not take many minutes, sir, I assure you," said the barber, deprecatingly. "I shall not hurt you, and I'm sure you'll feel all the better."

"Oh, Arthur, old fellow!" said Sheldrake, in a kindly, reproachful tone.

Range hesitated. They would force him, he knew, if he resisted; and then there would be a scene, and the barber would go away fully convinced that he had been operating upon a dangerous lunatic. Besides, what did it matter? His hair was closely cut now to the skin; the stubble might just as well be removed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY DIVING ADVENTURE.—Many years ago there was a rumor to the effect that valuable pearl fisheries had been discovered on the coast of Alaska; in fact a large jewelery house in New York displayed some large pearls that were said to have come from that locality. It deceived a good many, as it turned out to be merely a dodge to start immigration, and it caught me for one. I secured five men, all of them good divers, and started across the continent, only to find on getting to my destination that it was all a swindle. There wasn't a pearl within 2,000 miles, and with a view to getting my money back I went into the regular diving business. We generally went down in pairs, but one day as we were working on a small smack that had sunk, I took the first spell down alone to see what was the matter with her. She was lying in about forty feet of water, some of her running gear being afloat, and showing where she was. We fastened our sloop to it, put out a mooring, and in a few moments I was slowly going down. By-and-by I reached the deck, and, wanting first to find out what had sunk the smack, I walked forward, swinging myself round the shrouds and ropes. Presently I discovered that two of her planks had burst right out. She was loaded with pig-iron, and I concluded the sea had jerked the bottom out of her. Having settled this point, I walked round her to the leeside, the bottom being a hard, clear sand, and there I easily stepped aboard and walked towards the hatch. It was wide open, and as I stepped near it I saw something that I took for a rope hanging over the combings. Taking my boat-hook I gave it a push, and it seemed to fall off into the hatch. One of the main yards was hanging clear, and, grasping it, I swung off, and lowered myself into the hold to see if the iron had been covered with mud. Down I went, my hook in one hand and the halyard in the other, and when near the bottom I let go. In a second I landed on a soft, yielding mass that, bound as I was, gave me a sickening sensation. It moved from under me, and in a moment I seemed to be surrounded by the flying arms of some hideous creature. They clasped my legs, wound round my body, and fastened about my helmet, gradually drawing me down and so horrifying me that for a moment I was utterly powerless to help myself. At the first alarm, however, I had given the signal to be drawn up, and having a large knife fastened at my waist, I attacked the monster, cutting it anywhere I could. In a moment the animal had lifted itself so that its body rested against my chest, and it then seemed to be about as large as a flour barrel, with legs extending out from it like the legs of a spider. I hacked at it with the knife, my armor preventing it from injuring me in any way, and soon had the satisfaction of cutting it fairly in two, so that it partly dropped off, and I then tore away the remaining arms. I was dragged to the surface with part of it, however, clinging to me. On reaching the surface I was so exhausted with the work and nervous prostration that if the men had not unscrewed my helmet immediately I should have dropped; but a few minutes in fresh air revived me, and from that time I closed my career as a diver. I don't think $10,000 would ever have tempted me to go down again.

Scientific and Useful.

GLASS BLOWING.—In a glass works near Paris air stored under pressure has been made to successfully supersede glass blowing by the mouth, except in a few cases.

ROLLED GOLD.—Rolled gold is made by gilding, with gold, an ingot of brass, which is forced between steel rollers until a long thin ribbon is produced. The percentage of gold is reduced as low as two or three per cent. This rolled gold is used in making bracelets and watch-chains. It wears from one to ten years.

NEW PAVING.—A new style of paving has been introduced in Berlin during the year, and so far has given great satisfaction. Layers of bricks, from four to six inches in length, are put down and impregnated with asphalt. They absorb from 15 to 20 per cent. of the bituminous substance, and then become remarkably elastic and capable of resisting damp and pressure. It is claimed that this pavement offers a sure foot-hold to horses.

OLEOMARGARINE.—The following is a simple but infallible test for detecting oleomargarine: Stir a little—half a teaspoonful or less—of the suspected butter in enough sulphuric ether to dissolve it. By the time the grease is dissolved the ether will have been evaporated, and the residuum will show, to smell or taste, whether it is butter, lard or tallow. Five cents worth of ether will suffice for several tests.

SAFETY PAPER.—A Massachusetts paper mill has adopted a safety paper which will make it extremely difficult for any one to tamper with bank notes or checks printed upon it. The coloring matter of the paper is so prepared that the application of any chemical to remove ink will permanently change the color of the paper, and an ingenious device is added which betrays at once any attempt to make an erasure. Between the two the enterprising forger will be sure to come to grief.

THE MAD DOG.—According to a late work on hydrophobia physicians may convey to their patients a reasonable hope of almost perfect immunity from the disease after three months have elapsed from the time the bite was inflicted. The danger is thought to be lessened with every month that passes, "so that after a year the physician may afford a scientific certainty of the patient's recovery." Absolute quietude, or "sedation," and the use of the Turkish bath are measures chiefly recommended as preventive treatment.

IN SURGERY.—In a New York medical school recently an interesting experiment was tried with a new instrument designed for removing the interior or spongy part of the bone. The trial was made upon the leg of a sheep. The apparatus is an electrical one and drives the drill at a speed of 12,000 revolutions per minute. Accompanying it was a tiny electrical lamp, which was inserted in the cavity to enable the operator to note the progress of his work. The ailments in which the apparatus will be used are diseases of the hip, knee or ankle, where the spongy interior of the bone, near the joint, is the seat of the disease.

Farm and Garden.

HAY AND HORSES.—A Kentucky journal says that horses that have a rackful of hay before them all the time will grow poor, when if fed a limited quantity with some grain they will become fat. The rack filled with hay becomes offensive from the horse's breath, and the animal must be partly starved before he will eat it.

BRAN.—Bran has a value for milch cows as a milk producer, which is not fully appreciated or known, and seems for all stock but especially neat cattle, to promote health and thrift. On first turning out to fresh pasture in the spring, succulent grass is apt to produce scouring. This is often corrected by a feed once a day of bran in connection with free access always to a lump of rock salt. An analysis of bran shows it abounds in phosphates, the element of milk and bones.

SHEEP DOGS.—According to English papers the sheep industry in Australia has brought out a variety of the sheep dog remarkable for sagacity, but differing in many other particulars from those of other countries. It is related of them that they will hunt for stragglers miles away from the hut, and either drive them in or watch them, if they happen to be exhausted, until they gather sufficient strength to walk. It is a common thing in traversing the grazing country to come upon one of the sagacious dogs on guard over a strayed or broken-down sheep, and, while placable and gentle to a remarkable degree, as a rule, are then resentful of interference with their charge and fierce in the extreme.

TOO MUCH LAND.—In principle, it is clear it will not pay to crop a poor piece of land. The great expense in farm produce is farm labor, and it takes as much plowing, sowing, harvesting and seed for a half crop as for a full one, and it is idle to talk of competing with the full crop under such circumstances. Again, the injury to the future crops by thus working the soil too hard, is a heavy item against poor cropping. If we have land that we must hold, that we have no time or stock to make the best use of, it is the wisest policy to let it lie even to weeds than to touch it at all. Mowing it over, before the seeds of the weeds mature, will at least make litter; and the heavy mass of vegetable matter left to rot on the ground will bring up the fertility rather than reduce it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 11, 1885.

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SPEAKING ONE'S MIND.

A bit of one's mind who has not received at some time or other? There is nothing like it in the world for length without breadth, and measurement without quantity.

Mrs. Caudle's bits lasted an hour, or until her throat was dry, or the object of her lectures had dropped off to sleep.

A bit! why 'tis often as long as a fiddle or a salmon-line, or a Dutchman's credit, or a Turcoman's conscience, or the tailor's thimble that the man drank whisky out of when only allowed that method of measurement.

Yet, what pleasure is there in speaking one's mind! As Carlyle has put it, we "fluff ourselves off, like a bottle of soda-water with the cork sprung."

The victim must receive it all meekly, or the spluttering is dreadful, and the end of it all so much the more remote. The speaker in nine cases out of ten is apt to think more of his or her case than of the probable consequences of the effort on the victim. The relief is considerable, in any case, no matter what the consequences may be.

"There, I feel better; *my* conscience is clear," observes Mrs. Jones, when she has told Mary, the cook, about her flirting with the policeman, or the postman, or the young man from round the corner. It is not observed, however, that Mary is less inclined to gossip than before.

Poor Mr. Jones scatters his tobacco-ashes over the carpet more profusely than ever after a bit of his wife's mind on the subject of cleanliness, and the wear and tear of carpets and brushes. He has even been known to come home ten minutes later for tea, of malice aforethought, simply because she has enlightened him as to the tendency of eggs to get hard if not eaten within five or six minutes after they come from the kitchen.

"I always speak my mind," observed Mrs. Jones to a neighbor, in making a call, "and then I'm no longer responsible for what happens." Poor woman!

Now, this speaking one's mind is the cause of more mischief in life, and more unhappiness in many homes than bad breeding, bad manners, smoky chimneys, and disordered nerves. Half of it is nothing but temper. The occasion does not call for what is said, and it is uttered in such a key as to make it scolding under false pretences.

The household in which the mistress speaks her mind once or twice a week, year in and year out, is by no means a model establishment. Everything goes by fits and starts. To-day, all is storm and bustle; to-morrow, all is sulkiness and exhaustion. The bits of mind given in this way would be much better reserved. Advice, counsel, and reproof need not be presented in so objectionable a form.

Given calmly and sweetly, and at the right moment, in a few words, real bits of mind are always effective. But scolding, as such, simply aggravates, and does no good.

"You can lead me, mum, but you cannot drive me," says Mary Ann, with more true wisdom than we generally find in such a common saying.

To be always speaking one's mind, is to run the risk of endless contradictions, because, as we have said, there is so much temper in this particular form of utterance. As a rule, there is nothing more unnecessary. It ought not to be required, as between intimate associates, and it is chiefly with them that it takes place.

Mrs. Jones' maid ought to know her mistress' mind without so many deliverances, or it is but a poor sort of mind after all.

Mr. Brown cannot have lived half a century with the partner of his home and board without knowing every nook and cranny of her understanding: her tastes, her antipathies, her set forms of expression.

The occasions when one can do good by speaking one's mind are rare, and if due advantage be taken of them they will be rarer still. "A word in season" is worth a hundred at the wrong moment.

"I shall never forget the few words he said to me," remarks the boy of his father's tender and timely advice. "I would rather he had thrashed me at the time." But the thrashing would not have been half so effective.

The hurry to speak one's mind, regardless of consequences, is a sign of an unbalanced temperament.

"Speech is silvern, but silence is golden." The bits of mind we scatter about us are often as sharp and as dangerous as bits of broken glass.

SANCTUM CHAT.

DR. FLINT, of New York, whose authority is beyond question, says that mankind should eat when they are hungry, even if they happen to be hungry at midnight. The dark ages, when it was decreed that the man or woman who partook of late and hearty suppers, must die an untimely death, have passed away, and the light of a more enlightened and comfortable civilization is dawning.

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WESTERN rivers as highways for transportation are fast passing out of existence. Everywhere railroad bridges form continuous connections for traffic, regardless of the navigable streams flowing beneath. Thirty years ago St. Louis had sixty large steamers in the Cincinnati and Pittsburg trade, and almost as many between that point and New Orleans. At the present day St. Louis has not a single "packet"—in fact, the name self is almost forgotten, and the total arrivals at the levees are not over forty a week.

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ATHEISTS and agnostics are now accepted as competent witnesses in Arizona, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Wisconsin, Texas and Vermont. In Massachusetts, as in the District of Columbia, Georgia, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Nebraska and Utah, atheists and agnostics can testify, but are liable to be discredited, the provision in Massachusetts being the same as against convicted criminals.

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IT is the constant repetition of right actions which builds up a noble character. A distinguished clergyman, deprecating the extreme reliance often placed on external aids, said, "Crutches are capital for locomotion, but for strengthening the limb which they save from the ground not very capital. No, rely upon it, the spiritual life is not knowing or hearing, but doing. We know only as far as we can do, we learn to do by doing, and we learn to know by doing. What we do truly, rightly, in the way of duty, that, and only that, we are."

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AFTER much discussion, it has been decided that if there is any safest place on a railway train, it is in the rear seat of the rear car. One of the greatest trials of sleeping-car conductors' lives is to provide centre lower berths for everybody who comes. If the centre of a car rides any easier than the end, then the cars, built as solid and as strong as they are, spring up and down in the middle precisely as does a buckboard. If they do not, why should it ride any easier? As a matter of fact, the jar in an ordinary sleeper will be found, by close tests, to be quite as noticeable in the centre as in either end of the car.

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THE annual so-called "Rank and Quarter List of the Prussian Army" for 1884, a volume for years edited by Col. Brix, Chief of the Privy Chancery of War, has just been published, and the first copy, elegantly bound in blue velvet, presented to the Emperor. As usual, it contains much interesting statistical material. The Prussian army counts among its higher officers 4 field-marshal generals, 58 generals of infantry and cavalry, 77 lieutenant generals, 130 major generals, 256 colonels, 276 lieutenant colonels and 1143 majors of all arms. Of the lieutenant-generals about 5 per cent. do not belong to the nobility, of the major-generals 18, of the colonels 28, of the lieutenant-colonels 41, and of majors about 43 per cent. This proportion is nearly reversed in favor of the bourgeois element for the category of captains and subaltern officers. A singular fact is that the number of Iron Crosses worn by officers is becoming smaller and smaller; the highest number in any one regiment is 26, in the 20th Infantry.

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THERE is always good policy in keeping one's temper. As often as temper is lost, a degree of influence is lost with it; and while the former may be recovered, it will be found much more difficult to recover the latter. The politician who allows himself to get angry in his capacity—whatever may be the provocation—does his cause an injury which his soundest argument will hardly repair. Just so with men of all professions, and with men of no profession. If they would be able to exert a sway in their sphere, they must learn to keep cool. Who ever listened to a discussion in which one party went raving mad, while the other maintained his composure without having his sympathies enlisted with the latter, even though, in the beginning, his prejudice might have been in favor of the former? It is commonly taken for granted, and with a good share of reason, that he who has the best side of an argument will exhibit the most coolness.

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MODEL mothers are of the first importance in moulding the nature of a child; and if we would have fine characters, we must necessarily present before them fine models. Now, the model most constantly before every child's eye is the mother. "One good mother," said George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is loadstone to all hearts and lodestar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice, is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy. Even children are judges of hypocrisy, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite, are quickly seen through. The teaching of the friar was not worth much who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeve.

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"I BELIEVE," said a noted speaker, in a recent lecture, "in the institution of marriage, and I have no sort of sympathy with those persons who endeavor to oppose that institution. The fireside is the most sacred thing on the earth, and the love of husband for wife is God-like. I would rather live with the woman I love in a world of sorrow than be forever in a heaven of men alone. We may forget all other creeds with impunity if we believe in the republicanism of the fireside, the democracy of the home, and the absolute equality of husband and wife. I doubt if men realize what it is to have won the love of a good woman. He who has done that has made a success in life, even though he dies in the gutter. No man has a right to regard himself as the boss of the household. The family should be an affair of co-partnership. No man has a right to assassinate the joy of a day in his own house, and no woman should be compelled to live with a cross man. Treat your wife like a tender flower, and she will fill your life with the perfume of love. And, to begin with, court your wife. Don't think your wife's love is not of sufficient value to take care of after you have secured it."

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CERTAIN people have a habit of appropriating to themselves all that belongs to other members of the family, walking into their houses if not at home, and awaiting their return, etc. No greater mistake can be made in families than dropping all the courteous civility which would be paid to strangers. The reason for it is difficult to discover, but it exists very widely. Common attentions and little acts of kindness do much in keeping up a really happy state of affairs, whether among blood relations or those connected by marriage. People are apt to expect too much, and to think that the promise of devotion so often professed in the moment of family excitement over a marriage will stand the wear and tear of further acquaintance. It is ridiculous to expect that, because two people have fallen in love and determined to meet the joys and ills of life hand in hand, all the mutual relations on either side must amalgamate into friendship and affection as a natural sequence. This leads to much disappointment, as the falling off becomes apparent by slow degrees. A remark once made by a very happy woman was that she believed a large portion of her happiness in married life was due to the fact that neither her husband nor herself had a single relative.

APRIL.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

Chill Winter is a robber bold:
  The gentle zephyrs tell his prey,
He steals the lily's blush of gold,
  And all the Autumn's bright array.
He robs the poor of solar rays
  That bless their scanty store of wood;
Their honest toil he oft delays,
  And cheats them of a livelihood.
Naught then his plundering hand may stay
  Till April trip upon the scene—
He yields to her in meek dismay,
  And Nature hails her, welcome queen.

She by an unseen power restores
  The spoils that Winter held in vain,
And bids him flee to gloomy shores
  With sleet, and snow, and all his train.
The field and bud dread no alarm,
  The sunbeam fears no icy frown,
All Nature wears a matchless charm
  When April dons her vernal crown.

The Brahmin's Sin.

BY BERTIE RAYLE.

MANY and strange were the adventures that happened to me during a somewhat lengthened career in India, but of none of which I have, for very numerous reasons, so vivid a recollection as one which occurred when I was in the Neilgherry Hills.

I had gone up to this healthy district for a holiday, in fact, for recreation and health, and was staying on a visit to my friend Col. Talbot, who occupied a bungalow both commodious and handsome. It was his station, and as he had resided there some time, he was just the sort of person to act as Mentor to one of less experience than himself.

He was a mighty hunter, and had seen much service both in Africa and India.

He was a staunch sportsman, and was never weary of relating thrilling anecdotes of hunting, combined with hairbreadth escapes in mountain, forest, and jungle.

"As soon as I have recruited a little, Colonel," was my remark, after hearing one of his stories, "you must let me see some of the fun."

"You shall see as much as you like," he answered, gaily. "I foresaw your desire, and have made arrangements accordingly."

I was almost well when I reached the hill country, where I had sought health and recuperative power, and ere ten days I was ready for a start. Life had been very pleasant at the station, for not only was Colonel Talbot hospitable and genial, but so was his lady; while Fanny, their daughter and only child, showed me great attention.

In the confined ring of an Indian presidency everybody knows everybody, and it was at once noticed by me, that though Miss Talbot had many admirers, she did not seem to show any particular partiality for one more than another. Certainly, she was the last girl in the world I should have encouraged an affection for. She was the only daughter of a rich and successful man, and an heiress to boot, while I was at the bottom of the ladder.

I was of good family, and had excellent connections, but I was, as yet, poor, and a humble lieutenant in the Indian service.

Whatever, therefore, might have been my real feelings, I made a point of disguising them from our circle, and from myself even.

I knew that she treated me with marked kindness, while I felt for her an admiration which, disguise it as I would, was decidedly part of that intricate, perplexing, and mysterious character that belongs to love.

Still, I determined to control myself, and was rather glad when the day came for the Colonel, myself, and other officers, to start.

It is true that several ladies were to join us, later on, at the residence of a native prince who made much of the English. But, at all events, I should have some days during which I should be withdrawn from the fascination of the syren—some days during which I could reason with myself, and recover my proper reason and equilibrium.

The beaters and others connected with the rather complicated system of Indian hunting had gone forward, so that the Colonel, myself, and four other officers, went forward with only our personal attendants.

We did not appear in our usual habiliments, but wore short round jackets, the color of which resembled as much as possible the faded tints of withered fern and dry bamboo, and long leggings. We had caps of similar material.

Mounted on stout handsome horses, we started off in the sweet morning air long before the sun had been able to parch or heat it. The higher hills were still shrouded in mist, whilst the valley beneath was still bathed in tropical sunlight.

We had not to go far on this occasion, for after suddenly making a rapid ride downhill, we found, on a bank at the foot of the descent, the beaters, scattered about in groups.

There were some leaning in picturesque attitudes on their broad-bladed hunting spears, while some had thrown themselves on the ground and were the easy indolence of the natives enjoying a nap under the trees.

The chief sat apart cross-legged, smoking his pipe with Oriental gravity, and casting an affectionate glance at the hounds, which lay around—a race of cross-breeds, used in the Neilgherry Hills to hunt bear, wild boar, panther, and even tigers, which, in the plains, are pursued on elephant-back with beaters only.

All rose at our approach, and proceeded to hold our horses while we dismounted to rest and breakfast under the trees.

"Any news, Ahban?" asked the Colonel of the leader, with a salaam.

"No, sahib," was the reply, with a profound bend; "but the scout will soon be here."

As he spoke, a man very slightly clad, one of a low caste, with his head bare, and long matted locks hanging in confusion, came at a loping trot out of a wood close by. He reported numerous deer scattered about the woods, a herd of wild hogs, amongst whom was a large boar, which the scout declared, with Eastern exaggeration, to have tusks like an elephant.

"Well," said the Colonel, laughing, "I think we will try Mr. Pig first, as, if he hears the noise of the dogs and beaters after other game, he will shift his quarters. These porcine fellows are hugely cunning."

I, for one, obeyed the Colonel's orders in everything, and at once proceeded to load my gun. As soon as we had mounted our horses, the chief led the beaters and the dogs off by a circuitous route. We followed, led by the guide, who was dressed in a coarse calico robe, and carried an immense hunting-spear on his shoulder. He was a very important and consequential individual.

"His father was a noted shikarie (hunter)," the Colonel remarked, "and he thinks himself one; but he is not a bad guide."

And so he proved. But as soon as he had led us to a spot indicated by the head beater, the Colonel made him hide in the bushes.

We knew, as we took up our position, that we had to deal with ferocious animals, much more dangerous than those hunted in the plains and jungle with spears.

Our horses were secured in a thicket, while we awaited the coming of the game behind some heavy stones, our guns all ready. Then a kind of horn was sounded, followed by the beating of tom-toms and the yelping of hounds.

"They have started the boar from his cover," said the Colonel. "Keep cool. It will be no mean victory to kill that fellow."

And he pointed to where a mighty animal had emerged from the forest jungle.

As the Colonel was our chief, we let him have the first shot. Soon the sharp crack of the report echoed among the rocks; but the ponderous animal only bounded forward with increased speed, knocking up a cloud of dust.

"Missed him!" cried our leader. "Now, Nelson,"—addressing me,—"try your luck."

I took careful aim, and fired. As the report awoke the reverberating echoes, the boar staggered slightly; but immediately recovering himself, turned sharp round, and went helter-skelter down-hill to a place of shelter.

Then the dogs were again heard, and a few minutes later the brushwood was pushed aside, and the huge brute was not forty feet from us. His little eyes were blazing with savage fire, and the foam round his jaws was colored with blood. He paused, as if to listen, and turned his head a moment. As I was an novice, I was allowed another shot, which, however, did but slender damage.

But now the dogs came up, and two of them seized him by the ears, while the others howled around. This was a ticklish moment, for the boar was enraged, and, if left to himself, would certainly damage the hounds.

Guns, however, were no longer available, and we all cast them away, seizing the boar-spears with which the beaters had provided us.

I was very excited, and, perhaps because of my ignorance of the extreme danger, walked steadily towards the animal.

At sight of me, the boar grew more and more infuriated, redoubled his struggles, and, tearing himself from the dogs, dashed madly forward. I was in front. I fortunately kept cool, obeying the oft-repeated instructions of the Colonel.

I lowered the point of my weapon, and waited. The savage brute came blindly on, receiving the broad-bladed spear in his brawny chest. Of course, it was already weak from loss of blood, or the result might have been different. As it was, with one savage grunt of rage and fury, it fell to the earth, and in a very short space of time breathed its last.

"Well done, Charley Nelson!" cried the Colonel, heartily; "you will do."

All the officers added their congratulations, and from that moment I was no longer considered a griffin. Still, when I viewed the gigantic proportions of the brute at my feet, I knew that I owed more to luck than skill.

After some further sport, the heat compelled us to seek shelter. We, however, continued our hunt, with varying fortunes, for some days; but, as I have an important event to record, I pass over minor circumstances.

It was on the fifth day that we reached the residence of the Rajah of Sampore, a man of princely fortune, who appeared never so happy as when entertaining the English. A large portion of his palace was set off, on special occasions, for his guests, among whom he was proud to count the wives and daughters of his friends. The Rajah had, on this occasion, many guests.

On the opposite side of the river on which his palace was built was a large, rough space of ground—half forest, half jungle—where tigers were abundant.

Here there was to be a grand hunt, which was to be witnessed by the ladies at a distance, under the guardianship of an armed escort.

This ceremony, however, was not to come off until the third day after our arrival, the interim being taken up with other amusements.

Though the Rajah did not introduce us to his harem, still our party was treated to many of the sights which gratify the immured ladies.

Of the music, not much was to be said; but the dancing was graceful, and, in deference to the presence of English ladies, remarkably decorous. Miss Talbot looked charming, and I could not conceal from myself that my gratification was intense at the cordial pleasure with which she welcomed me.

Her father rather annoyed me, by making me a hero about the pig-sticking business; but Fanny, who knew the country, was well aware how really dangerous such an encounter was.

There was a ball the second evening, joined in, of course only by the English, the Orientals looking on with affected indifference, I thought. At all events, it struck me that the Rajah of Sampore looked very much as if he should have liked to join in.

He had been in England, and there learned English customes. Still, in his own country he was compelled to abstain from anything that, in the eyes of Orientals, would have looked undignified.

But what startled me most was the fact that when dancing with Fanny Talbot—decidedly the handsomest girl in the room—I passed close to where the Rajah was sitting, and saw his eyes glisten in a way I did not like.

It was a look of admiration mingled with something sinister, which made me thoughtful.

Still, it could mean nothing. Besides, even if it did, what was I to do?

But whatever my endeavors to cast off all shadows, that night when I went to my room, the remembrance of that look haunted me so much, I could with difficulty obtain any sleep.

At last, however, slumber overcame me, and I was sleeping soundly, when a rude *reveille* startled me, and I awoke to the recollection of what was before us. At all events, it was my first tiger hunt, sometimes a very serious item in a man's existence; often the last.

The hunters and their army of attendants were to cross the river by a rough bridge of boats, and prepare for the day's action.

The Rajah himself, as host, and under the pretence of his rather excessive corpulency, was excused from the active business of the day. He had charge of the ladies, and was to bring them up safely to the verge of the hunting ground. Candidly, I felt uncomfortable, but considered that I was prejudiced.

After an excellent and copious breakfast, we crossed the river to where, under a great boabab tree, the elephants awaited us.

I was to accompany Colonel Talbot. The elephant on which our howdah was fastened was a large and powerful one, and managed by a mahout in whom the Colonel had every confidence.

The palanquin-like edifice on the back of the huge animal was a perfect armory. There were double-barrelled guns, rifles, and very short carbines with bayonets that started out with a spring in case the savage brutes we hunted came to close quarters.

My desire was to learn; and though in my heart I did not care about hunting in this way as I did deer-stalking, and any other form of sport on foot or on horseback, yet I was not sorry to become acquainted with local habits and peculiarities.

As soon as we were all ready, our guide, who was on foot, led the way. He was an experienced shikarie, a tall, gaunt man, with a tunic and a pair of short blue cotton drawers.

He had a short rifle for his own protection. His manner was dignified and self-possessed, and he walked with all the air of an independent savage.

And yet he was partially of African origin. However this might be, he was, I had heard, devoted to the Colonel, whose hunter and guide he had been on many an occasion.

He was about forty, but his dark, piercing eye was full of latent fire, while his limbs had all the muscular power and activity of youth.

"That is Kahim Dost," said the Colonel, of whom you have heard me speak, Nelson. He is a most faithful and attached fellow. Though half a negro, he is very proud. A little attention goes farther with him than pay."

"Not like the generality of the natives," I answered, with something of the simplicity of a greenhorn.

"It is a mistake," replied the Colonel, gravely; "if we treated them better, the results would, I fancy, surprise us."

At this moment we plunged into the woods, the several hunters preparing for the conflict.

The whole district between the two rivers was without inhabitants. The Rajah of Sampore was semi-independent, and encouraged large game, so that the forest and jungle was peopled with tigers, deer, pigs and smaller game, on which the first-mentioned lived.

The sun was now high in the heavens; the pleasant morning breeze had died away, and the atmosphere was rather oppressive.

Suddenly I heard a cry which startled me. It was that, apparently, of an animal in pain.

The mahout at once touched the elephant gently with his staff, and the well-trained animal stopped.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The bait," answered the Colonel, with a smile. "A young mule. It has been bound to a tree, and smells tigers."

At this moment the loud cries and tom-toms of the beaters were heard, who, on the strength of their numbers, were striving to start the savage beasts from their lairs.

The Colonel clutched his rifle, and I at once did the same.

"Salaam, sahib," cried Kahim Dost, lifting his finger, and pointing to a dense mass of forest and jungle. "Listen."

There was no occasion, for at that moment there came a roar which, once heard, is never forgotten—that of the tiger.

Then I saw the sleek, handsome, but terrible creature crouching for a leap.

It was close to us; and before I knew anything, it made a high, swift, elastic spring, which brought it on the haunches of the elephant.

I must confess candidly that I lost my head for an instant. The Colonel fired, and evidently hit the animal, which next moment fixed its claws in his arm.

I, luckily, got hold of the sharp bayonet carbine, placed it at the side of the tiger's head, drew the trigger, and thus sent the charge and the spring dagger into the animal's brain.

With a fearful roar, it turned upon me; the elephant made a sideward movement, and I fell, partially stunned.

When I came to, I was alone, with the body of the tiger by my side.

I was, however, well aware that the hunt was not far off.

I was not injured; but I was in a dangerous place. The jungle was rife with savage beasts, and I had no available arms except the carbine, which I hastily proceeded to load.

I then listened, and at once struck out in the direction whence came the noise.

The wood where I sought shelter was rather thick and the way winding, which made my progress difficult, with nothing to guide but the shouts and occasional shot.

My wiser course, as I afterwards knew, would have been to remain where I was, and await the return of some of my companions, who would be sure to look for me.

Happily, I did not allow myself to be guided by the ordinary dictates of prudence.

Listening with deep attention, I continued on my way, until the hunt appeared to recede from me, while I found myself entangled in an apparently inextricable labyrinth of wild jungle. I felt my error.

At any moment I might fall into the clutches of savage beasts, such as tigers, panthers, and wild boars, while venemous snakes were notoriously abundant in that region.

Still, there was no help for it but to advance. I was encouraged to do this by the fact that there was a faint semblance of a path, which must lead somewhere.

If I could gain the shelter of a cavern or ruin, I should be soon sought after.

Should there be no other resource, I determined to clamber into the first available tree I could find.

Still the path wound through the forest, until at last it brought me out into a clearing, where stood the ruins of an ancient temple.

They were almost concealed by creepers, but there was ample shelter from the rays of the sun, which were suffocating and oppressive.

I stepped cautiously, as these abandoned shrines were often the resort of the wild denizens of the forest. But I neither saw nor heard anything, and so entered, and, seating myself in a shady corner, and proceeded to ruminate on my next course of procedure.

To re-enter the forest would have been folly, and yet the prospect of a night in the old temple was not fraught with much satisfaction.

Still, I believed that as soon as I was missed I should be looked for, and some of the most experienced hunters sent in search.

My great anxiety was for the Colonel. How had he got out of the perilous adventure?

I had my spirit flask with me—the brandy was ready diluted—and a good pull at this revived my drooping spirits and quenched my thirst. Presently, however, I became drowsy. Behind me was a niche, which was clean and cool, and within this I took shelter.

Soon I slept soundly. When I awoke, I was surprised to hear voices, as also the tramp of horses. I was about to dart out, when I was arrested by words spoken in a stern tone—that of the Rajah.

"I have brought you here, not to see the hunt, Miss Talbot," he said, "but to tell you that I love you?"

"Prince! either this is a joke in very bad taste," faltered Miss Fanny, "or it is a gross insult! Take me to my father."

My passion would have prompted me to rush forth, but I reflected that the treacherous Prince was surrounded by his armed retainers, and that caution and cunning were surer weapons than force.

"Miss Talbot," the other said, harshly, "you will never see your father again! An apartment in my harem is prepared for you; he will find your palanquin broken and deserted in the forest, while he will believe you carried off by a man-eater!"

"Wretch! do you think this outrage will pass unpunished?" cried Fanny Talbot, bravely. "English ladies are not outraged with impunity."

"When you enter my zenana," laughed the Rajah of Sampore, "you will find several charming English girls, who have mysteriously disappeared. But words are useless; you are wholly in my power. You will remain here until the hunt is over."

I could now see. Fanny Talbot was in a palanquin, borne by servants of the Rajah, all as obedient as slaves. Around were horsemen, who were his devoted adherents. I kept close.

Nothing could save me or her but discretion.

The lovely girl, pale as death, alighted at the Rajah bidding, and was led into the temple, where I now discovered a Brahmin,

seated on a mat. To this man he led her, and spoke some words in the native tongue, which, at that time, I did not understand.

The priest rose with alacrity, and led the way into the interior of the temple. Where they went I could not see; but that mattered not. If she were left with the Brahmin, I hoped to make short work with him.

They soon returned without Miss Talbot; and then the Prince and his attendants rode off.

I was about to rush forward, when I heard footsteps as of one of the party returning.

I drew back and waited, watching the new arrival with intense interest.

I soon saw him standing upon the threshold. It was Kahim Dost. Shouting his name, I made a dash at the Brahim; and, throwing him down, knelt on his chest.

"Help me to secure the villain!" I cried.

"Is the sahib mad?" said the shikarie, who, luckily, being a half-caste, was little more than a pariah. "Dekko! what has the holy man done?"

"Helped to abduct the Colonel's daughter," was my answer.

And as he stood by me, I told him all.

The man's eyes darted fire; his complexion seemed to become of a greenish hue.

He examined the carbine, found it was loaded, and levelled it at the Brahmin.

"Show me where she is, or die!" were his words in Hindoo. "Not a moment will I falter!"

The Brahmin, with a fierce scowl, made some answer; and, obedient to a sign from Kahim Dost, I allowed him to rise.

The look of ferocity on his face was not easily forgotten. But the fear of death was greater than the hope of reward. He walked straight to what appeared to be a solid piece of masonry, and touching something, a door was revealed.

He pointed with his finger. While Kahim Dost stood sentry, I entered a gloomy chamber, lighted by crevices in the roof.

On a mat, Frances Talbot was kneeling in an absorbed attitude of prayer.

"Miss Talbot," I whispered, advancing, "it is I—Charles Nelson—be not alarmed."

She rose, stared wildly around, and then seeing me, rushed into my open arms.

She had fainted. Luckily my flask was half full, and first bathing her forehead, and then pouring some spirits into a small cup, and pressing it to her lips, she soon recovered.

I was enraptured, but concealing my feelings, led her away to where the Brahmin stood beside Kahim Dost, on whose face was an expression of loathing and disgust.

"Fasten him," I said, sternly.

The shikarie had always a supply of cord, and soon had secured the priest.

"Lead on," I then commanded; "not a moment is to be lost."

And he obeyed; the Brahmin, as we went, breathing threats of impending vengeance on our heads.

It need not be added that we never saw the gentleman again. Miss Talbot was so unnerved by terror that she made difficulty about walking, supported by my guiding arm.

Kahim Dost led us by a short cut through the forest to where the hunt had halted for the noontide heat.

Their astonishment on seeing me appear, with not only the shikarie, but Miss Talbot, may be imagined, not described.

The Colonel had escaped with a scratch. To him only I fully explained.

His indignation knew no bounds, and but for the heat he would have returned at once.

He called all the officers around him, and an express was sent off to some of the civilian gentlemen who hah remained with the ladies.

The Rajah we never saw again. Returning to the temple, he learned the truth, and at once making for his palace, gave his orders, and then fled.

During the mutiny which occurred so soon after, he was our bitter foe.

I may add that Frances Talbot has long been Mrs. Charles Nelson. She nor I ever forgot that tiger hunt.

A Strange Mistake.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

A LOVELY summer evening. The rose-scented air blows through the French casement at which I, Eda Morgan, am seated. The beautiful grounds surrounding Lyndhurst Manor saw a sight to be seen just now.

I am on a visit to my dearly-loved friend, the owner of the Manor. She is a handsome young widow, living with her only brother; and though some years my senior, dear Lucy Hatherly is as light-hearted as a girl. And as her brother, Mortimer Jason, was universally pronounced "a charming fellow," we formed a happy trio.

This is my last at Lyndhurst. My kind friends have made the visit most pleasant in the way of pic-nics, fishing and rowing parties, moonlight excursions, and a hundred other delightful things.

Lucy's two unmarried sisters, Violet and Edith Jason, have been staying with us too, besides a cousin of theirs, Fred Burton, and two other gentlemen, not relations, George Layton and Captain Thomas Ruskin, a "17th Lancer," and six feet high.

I shall not pause to describe my personal appearance. Perhaps when I say I have a good many enemies of *my own sex*, you will not think me altogether an unattractive girl.

I have declined going out with the others for the last walk before dinner, for I am very tired, and I have a letter to answer from an old school-fellow, on whose account I am going to leave Lyndhurst sooner than I should have done.

I am somewhat startled presently to find that the Captain is, like myself, not of the party. So I repair to my dressing-room, as I am sure, if Lucy comes in and finds me *tete-a-tete* with the Captain, her "chaff," as they say, will know no bounds.

The Captain is about fifteen years older than I. But, then, it is sometimes a boast of mine that I never had a very young lover.

I don't mean to say Captain Tom is a lover of mine, not in the least. But I believe others are a little jealous sometimes because he nearly always chooses me to ride, walk, and dance with. And I? Oh! of course I acquiesce in these arrangements. I am accustomed to have things settled for me.

I finish my toilet for dinner, and descend to the drawing-room. I think I hear the party enter as I go down. But no. The drawing-room is empty, but for the presence of Lucy's pet cat, a darling creature, and an immense favorite of mine.

I am intensely fond of cats, and this one in particular. I don't care in the least for the ridicule and assertions of most people that only old maids like cats. I have known some married ladies very fond of cats.

I sit down on a stool beside pussy's chair, and think what a happy time this has been. I shall soon have to go back to the old dreary life with Auntie, for I have been an orphan ever since my twelfth year, and reside with my father's sister, a dear, good old girl in her way. But though she idolizes me, she seems to be impressed with the idea that young ladies ought to be escorted about in a wooden box, through which no masculine eye can penetrate; and this, though no doubt excellent, is at times trying.

I am beginning to grow quite sentimental, alone in the twilight, when pussy stirs, and I say: "Give me a kiss, Tom, darling! What loves of whiskers you have got, you dear!" as I often do to him, when something brushes my cheek—not pussy's whiskers certainly, but, to all appearance, the Captain's moustache.

I rise in indignation at this and remonstrate with him on the rudeness of such a proceeding. But he only takes me in his great, strong arms, and says:

"Hush, Eda! Don't be furious, darling! I want you to give me the right to kiss you as often as I please! I want you for my own dear little wife! You must have known how I love you."

"I never, never knew it until this moment, Captain Impertinence," I say, with a tell-tale face, for, truth to say, Thomas Ruskin has inspired in me feelings I never had before.

"I see you are not in a hurry to answer my question, Eda. Before we go any further, it is best to be plain—tell me, is there anything between you and Fred Burton?"

My ringing laugh echoes through the room.

"Frederick Burton!" I say, in astonishment. "What put such an idea into your dear, stupid head?"

"Simply, my dear Eda, the fact that I saw him kiss you on the stairs as you went down to dinner one evening."

I angrily refute this.

"Fred does not make it a rule to steal kisses in the dark, as some of my friends do!" I say, saucily.

I had better have held my tongue. The Captain is very rude again, and though perhaps it is very wrong, I cannot say I mind it. I give him permission to write to my aunt, and he promises to wait until I have left Lyndhurst, as I tell him I am going to see an old schoolfellow before returning home.

"And please don't say anything about it here until I am gone, Tom," I shyly say; "or it will be all over the village in half an hour, and dear Lucy's fun will never cease."

Our promises on both sides are completed, when I hear our whole party coming down to dinner, and Tom quietly slips away ere they enter the drawing-room.

Oh, what a happy evening we have!

Tom somehow finds a way to my side wherever I go; and I am nothing loth, for I have certainly discovered that Thomas Ruskin is much dearer to me than I should like to confess to any save myself.

I have bidden "Good night" to everyone, the Captain included, and go upstairs to bed. In the corridor, to my surprise, I see Tom. He says he must say "Good night" to me in his own fashion.

Of course we all know what this means. I feel an irresistible desire to tease him; but opposition is of no use to a man like he is—he will take what he wants by force.

I don't think I have described him beyond saying he is very powerful; he is, besides, very handsome: jet black hair and eyes, a brilliant skin, and the most fascinating whiskers and moustache that can be conceived.

"Before you go to rest, Eda, dear, tell me again—Are you *sure* you do not care for Fred Burton ever such a little?"

I am really angry at this and justly.

I ask him if he has such a good opinion of me as to imagine me capable of receiving and encouraging two men's addresses at the same time?

He does not see it in this way at all, but he appears consoled by my assertion; and telling him not to be a goose, we both go off to bed very happy.

When I enter my room I search everywhere for my friend's letter of the morning and it is nowhere to be found. It is of no consequence, I think; but it is a bad habit to leave one's letters about.

The next day there is to be a little dance in the evening, and as we are all busy helping Lucy decorate the rooms, &c., the gentlemen take themselves off for a little fishing, so I see nothing of Tom until dinner.

I am at a loss to know what is the reason of his strange manner towards myself; he has not spoken to me, nor, indeed, hardly glanced in my direction ever since I entered the drawing-room. I suppose he is trying his power over me; he thinks I shall wear the willow at his neglect. I shall do nothing of the kind; I am a person of great spirit, and he will find he will have to give in first.

So I respond warmly to all the compliments of Mortimer Jason, and am ten times more lively than usual.

But it all deception; I am secretly miserable, though I would rather die than show it.

Once—only once—Tom speaks to me during dinner:

"You are not going straight home, did you say, Miss Morgan, when you leave Lyndhurst?"

"No," I reply, looking fearlessly at him; "I am going to spend a day or two with a school-fellow of mine."

We leave the gentlemen over their wine, and go to array ourselves for the dance. I am half-way through my toilet, when I spy something like a note on my table. It is the Captain's writing!

I tear open the note. What can it be? Not a single line of it Tom's writing, except the superscription!

It is my lost note from my friend. And I can easily see now how he is misjudging me. I will give the contents:

"MY OWN DARLING,

"Do pray yield to my entreaties, and come to me the instant you leave the Manor. I cannot do without you, dearest, any longer. I know your presence will help to soothe my father's wrath, and he will forgive all when we are married. Remember, I *will* have my way. I shall expect to hold you in my arms on Saturday. Till then, my own, own pet, believe me to be "Your own

FRED."

This is the foolish, explosive manner my young friend Frederick Cleveland usually adopts in writing me. But I can see that Captain Ruskin imagines it to be from Frederick Burton, and has sent it this way, as he thinks to confound and accuse me in the face of my own words. It is written with a very sticky quill, and no one would take it for a lady's handwriting. Of course he thinks, from the wording of the letter, that my leaving Lyndhurst in such a hurry is on Fred Burton's account.

He does not know that poor little Freddy, as we call her, wants my help to manage her father, who is furious at the prospect of her marrying a penniless lover.

I might, of course explain all this to him, but I will not stoop to do so to a man who condemns me unheard. It would seem like asking for his love, and Eda Morgan will never do that.

I hastily finish dressing, and go downstairs; the company is arriving, and dances are being asked for.

I see Captain Ruskin making his way across the room to me. He wants a dance, no doubt, and an explanation. He will get neither. I would not explain now if he asked me.

He has condemned me without a hearing, and therefore I will not attempt to exonerate myself in his eyes. I admit circumstances are against me; but oh! if he loved me, he would have trusted me too, I think.

I keep up my deception of gaiety; I am acknowledged "belle of the ball;" and when the Captain asks for my hand, I show him my card all over names, without the least alteration of manner. But when all is over, and I retire to rest, I shed some of the bitterest tears I have ever wept in my life. For it is hard to be considered false by the man I love best in the world.

I keep up my spirits to the end. My adieux are made to all, the Captain likewise, under my kind host's eyesight. I wave my hand merrily to the group at the gate, and am gone.

* * * * *

The days after the dance at Lyndhurst I am walking on the lawn at The Beeches with Freddy—dear, innocent girl—who has no idea of the grief her foolish epistle has caused me, and I am determined she shall not know.

Her father has, as she predicted, listened to my argument, and I have arranged to start for home in two days more to begin the old life with Auntie again—the same old life with, oh! what a difference!

I am dressing for dinner when Freddy comes in, and says, in her playful way:

"Make yourself charming, Eda. Charley is bringing a gallant officer home: just the thing for you."

She runs away again, leaving the impression on my mind, in the words of Tennyson, that "love no more can touch the heart of" Eda Morgan.

The first person I see in the drawing-room talking to Sir Aubrey Cleveland is Captain Thomas Ruskin.

The Captain explains how we are acquainted, and Freddy, seeing me at a distant window, presently says:

"I did not know you were already acquainted with Captain Ruskin, dear; he is often here. But now, I know you will laugh at what I am going to say, but I could declare there is something between you; there is a tenderness in his voice when he speaks to you that there is not when he addresses other people."

Instead of laughing, I feel very much inclined to cry, but say, with well-assumed carelessness:

"I wish he had a little more tenderness in his hand, dear; he has driven my ring most cruelly into each side of my finger."

Once during the evening I see Captain Ruskin and Freddy in such close conversation that I imagine I am to have the crowning stab of all wounds, and see the man I adore offer himself to another woman, who will refuse him.

Freddy's voice wakes me to the nineteenth century again.

"There is such a lovely fern in the conservatory, darling; do come and look at it!"

I follow obediently, not caring where I go: when, to my surprise, Freddy withdraws, and Captain Ruskin enters. I am fairly caught in a trap!

He begins by taking my hand and putting it to his lips—I quietly withdraw it; and the Captain substitutes a warmer embrace, and says:

"Oh! my darling! my own Eda! can you ever forgive me? This has been a most wretched mistake of mine—I hate myself for n t trusting you; but tell me, can you ever forgive? Ah! I am sure you will, when you know how miserable I have been; but why—why, dearest—did you not explain it to me?"

The very contact of his hands set my blood tingling!

"Because I thought, dear Captain Ruskin, that your judgment was too hard; you might have ascertained if your suspicions were correct, and not have condemned me without proof," I reply.

"I see it all, Eda; you are a noble, proud, brave, high-spirited girl, and I have been mean, vile, base——"

I put my hand over his mouth, and whisper:

"Remember, if we are to be one, I will not have you say such things of my property."

And I receive such an affectionate appreciation of this speech as would satisfy the most fastidious girl living.

I go back with my betrothed to the drawing-room, and everything is arranged for as early a union as propriety allows. At dear Tom's own request, I ask Freddy for my chief bridesmaid, because she was the beginning and the ending of his "STRANGE MISTAKE."

The Haunted House.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

ABOUT a year ago I was called in to see the children of an artisan, four in number, all of whom were suffering from a violent attack of fever.

The family occupied two small rooms on the second floor of a dirty, miserable-looking house in a dismal street, both sides of which were formed of similar tenements, except that some were one story lower than their neighbors.

I had passed through the same thoroughfare many times, but never without glancing up at the name it bore, and wondering if the authorities, in so christening it, had been trying to crack one of those grim jokes with which they sometimes favor the world when engaged in the performance of their onerous duties.

In fine—very fine—it was called Myrtle Grove, though Death Alley would have been a more appropriate appellation.

Groping my way along the passage, and up the rickety, ill-lighted stairs, I was met on the landing by an object strongly resembling the ghost of a female apparently about forty, but in reality not more than thirty years of age. In her arms she held a skeleton infant.

"I'm glad you're come, doctor," she gasped.

I had been in many wretched homes before, but never in one so thoroughly foul and miserable as the one I now entered in Myrtle Grove.

The wonder was not that the family were prostrated by fever, but that a human being had ever enjoyed a day's health in such a den.

The atmosphere was charged with disease and poison, the furniture was hardly worth the name, and all I could discover in the shape of clothing comprised the few filthy rags worn by my little patients and their parent.

In short, it was the most desolate and loathsome dwelling I had put my head into after eighteen years' practice as a surgeon.

Having examined the children, "I must be candid with you, my good woman," I said.

"Oh yes, doctor, do tell me what you think?"

"It will be better at present to tell you what I know," I added; "and, in the first place, your baby is dying. No physician on earth can save it. The others may possibly recover."

The poor woman looked at me wistfully.

"But you must renew your bedding, clean the room, and get rid of this foul air."

Her look changed. She was too weak and ill to do anything.

"Have you nobody to help you?"

"Not without paying them, and I won't get any money till to-morrow."

"Is your husband out of employment?"

"No, doctor."

I looked around the apartment with a shudder. "Perhaps he's been ill a long time?"

"Oh, no, sir; he keeps his health wonderful, considerin'."

"Considering what?"

She hesitated.

"Is he a tradesman?" I asked, not wishing to press for an answer to my previous question.

"Yes; a carpenter."

"And when do you expect him home?"

"About seven, sir."

Doing what I could for the sufferers, I promised to look in again during the day, and send a messenger with medicine as soon as I got back to my surgery.

"A carpenter," thought I, on reaching the street; "why, the man must be earning good wages; and yet he keeps his family in that state! Shocking, infamous!" and I really believe had the father of my patients been near me at the time I should have grasped him by the throat and half shaken the life out of him.

Sometimes in the course of my professional career I have come in contact with parents who appeared devoid of feeling for their offspring and respect for themselves, but as I turned out of Myrtle Grove that morning, I felt sure there must be something terribly wrong about the head of the family I had been visiting.

Nor could I, when I looked at the group of pale, helpless children, forget that I was a father myself; and when one of them, a bright-eyed, clever-looking little girl, turned to me in the ravings of delirium, and exclaimed, with outstretched arms, "I want to love you, dada; I want to love you!" her voice and words reminded me of my own darling Beatrice."

During the day I visited many other patients, but the pleading eyes of the sick child who had begged so earnestly to share a father's love followed me wherever I went.

In truth, while I remembered that every evening when I happened to be at home my own daughter would come and kiss me, turning back sometimes and whispering, "I want to love you again, papa," I could not forget that the same sweet words had been uttered by the poor little one who lay under the shadow of death in Myrtle Grove.

"My dear Beatrice, I'm going to see a little girl who loves her father just as you do, though I'm afraid he doesn't deserve it," I said, when she came to take leave of me.

She seemed puzzled.

"Why, papa?"

"Because he is a bad, foolish man."

"But cannot you make him better?"

"I will try, darling. There! Good-night," and shortly afterwards I set out on my journey.

"Baby's dead, doctor," faltered the woman, meeting me on the stairs.

Expecting this announcement, I directed my attention to the survivors. There appeared little change in any of them.

I knew that the disease would have its way in spite of my skill, and that the critical time was approaching when proper treatment might save them.

"Has your husband come home?"

"No, doctor."

For several minutes I stood contemplating the picture of domestic misery around me.

"He's here now, I think," she whispered and the man walked slowly into the room. One glance told me his failing. He looked sullen and downcast.

"This is a sad job," he began, taking off his cap, and coming towards the sick bed.

"Yes," I replied, in a tone that made him wince, "and will be sadder, unless you try to prevent it."

He started at me, but did not speak.

"Your infant son is dead," I added.

"Poor little chap! I thought he'd be leavin' us. He's had a good many drawbacks, for we've had naught but bad luck and sickness since we come to this house—have we, Sarah?"

"Bad luck and nonsense!" said I. "You have made some, and bought the rest of your troubles, my friend, and paid dearly for them too."

"I've not parted with anything in that way that I know of, doctor."

"But your ignorance does not alter the fact. *I* am aware of it."

"Of what?" asked the man, rather snappishly.

"That this house is haunted!"

They looked at each other, and then at me.

"I feel a particular interest in the case of these little ones," I continued, "so I will explain at once what I mean. The room is hardly fit for human beings to live in; but the worst of the business is, certain spirits are brought into it daily which will, in the end, starve your wife, murder your children, ruin yourself, and deprive you of every comfort here and hope hereafter."

"And who brings them spirits here?" questioned the workman, with a scowl.

"You!"

"Come, that's queer talk, doctor."

"Listen. You are the only protector and provider of your wife and little ones. Here I find them in want, rags, and wretchedness. Now, tell me, have you done your duty towards them as a husband and father?"

"I'd advise you to mind your own business, or I'll kick you downstairs, sir!" and he glared at me, half savagely, as he spoke.

I smiled at this threat, and proceeded: "You receive your wages every week. What do you do with them?"

"Can't I do what I like with my own, eh?"

"Yes: but the money you earn is not your own. It belongs to your family. When you married this woman, you promised to provide for her, and on the faith of that promise these little ones came into the world. Now, do you act fairly, or like a man when you leave *their* money at the public-house, and muddle yourself with spirits that make you mad and cruel, and turn your home into a living grave. Is it right or honest? Ask your own conscience."

"My old girl's been tellin' you I go on the 'spree' sometimes, has she?" and he looked daggers at his trembling partner.

"No. I can recognize a drunkard the moment I see him. Don't go away, my man. I've not done with you yet."

"I never was talked to like this, in my own house, anyhow!"

"Perhaps not; but let me add that, unless you procure better attention for these children, they will die; then a charge of manslaughter will be made against you."

"Hum! Who by?"

"Myself."

"Have you said enough?"

"Not quite. You were a child once—a helpless little boy. Did *your* father leave you to fight with Death on a bed, and in a place like this? Your poor wife's health is nearly gone. The future is darker than the present. Seriously, then, is the pleasure of getting drunk equal to a hundredth part of the misery you are inflicting upon those who cannot defend themselves?"

He turned away in silence.

"I have spoken for your profit, not mine. Think of what I have said," and, after giving instructions for the treatment of my patients, and promising to renew my visit, I left the house.

Twice on the following day I visited the poor family in Myrtle Grove, finding each time a slight improvement in the aspect of the room, my patients a little better, and the woman looking a shade less wretched. Perceiving that her husband had some good in him, and believing that, like most working men, he had suffered himself to become the victim of Habit, I enlightened him gradually as to the nature and consequences of his conduct.

Having made an impression, I talked to *not as his superior, but as his friend*. Humbly and earnestly did I try to reason him from the crimes, as well as the folly, of drunkenness. At first he listened inattentively, but I persevered till, two weeks afterwards, I told him that his children would need my attendance no longer, that I had done my best for them and him; and that I hoped he would live soberly for their sakes.

More deeply moved than ever I had expected to see him, "I'm a poor hand at talkin', doctor," he began, in a thick, husky voice, "but I must say something. It isn't a month since you told me what a scoundrel I was. My home is a Paradise to what it was then, and will be more so if I'm spared. It's all through you, doctor—the truest friend I ever had. If talkin' rights, yours is the proper sort of physic for work-folk, doctor. But it's no use—I can't tell you what I feel. God bless you! We'll never forget——"

"Well, well, my dear fellow, that will do," I interrupted. "I'm quite satisfied. Say no more about it."

"But you'll want payin', doctor. I haven't much. It's all yours—saved from the 'Hope an' Anchor.' Take it, sir, an' I'll pay the rest in a—a month at farthest."

I took the money. "There," I said, giving it to a little maiden whose eyes were intently fixed upon us, "that is for loving your papa, and he must love you now." Then, turning to her father. "Call and pay me when you're better off," I added; "but if you forget, I'll never distress you for it. Good-bye."

It was some six or seven weeks after that I found myself again in Myrtle Grove. The man had not called upon his family. I saw the landlady. The family had removed; she did not know whither.

"Yes, sir, they got some very 'igh and h'outrageous notions into their 'eds about 'avin' the water cistern scoured, the 'ouse done up, and ventilatin' and I don't know what, so I told 'um they could go, and go they did, sir, though I can't tell you where to."

It was strange, yet I could not feel sorry. Would I ever see my little patients again? No one could tell me, for ever thus, in the great world of life, we are coming and going.

* * * * * *

A few weeks ago, while standing at my surgery window, I observed a well-dressed man and woman with two girls alight from an omnibus. The man looked about him for a moment, and then led the way towards my house. I heard the door-bell ring and the party entered.

"Give me your hand, doctor: hope you're well," exclaimed the stranger.

I hesitated.

"I thought as much," he resumed, with a laugh. "You've forgot the guests of Myrtle Grove, doctor."

"Myrtle Grove? No, I haven't. Are you the father——?"

"I am," he interrupted, grasping both my hands, "and these are my dear wife and children, and we've come to pay your bill, doctor though I shall never be able to get out of your debt, for all that."

"Well, well, my friend, you needn't be in such a hurry about it. I hope you've had better luck since you removed."

"The best bit of luck I ever had, doctor, was when you made me feel that a poor man has duties to perform and a soul to save as well as a rich one. Though I've mended my situation a bit, it's all hard work with me yet; but when I've paid you we'll be out of debt, and then I mean to save something towards getting a house of our own."

"You won't let those nasty spirits haunt it though?"

His wife's eyes glistened while he regarded me very earnestly.

"Never again. A glass of ale at home sometimes when my work's done is all I care for now. I owe the power to you, doctor. You have done us all a kindness, for which I don't know how to thank you."

"But, my dear friend, you have thanked me most completely."

"How, doctor?"

"By taking my advice."

More conversation followed. My bill was settled rather nervously on both sides, while he pressed me to come and see him in his new home. I promised to do so. Perhaps I felt proud as well as glad that I had cured the poor, grateful carpenter, whose unlooked-for visit caused me to pen these few words about "The Haunted House" in Myrtle Grove.

The Miser's Bequest.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"PLEASE, sir, here's a letter."

"All right, Mary. Now, then," added Philip Acre, as the door closed behind Mary's substantial back, "let's see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal, eh? Not having any relations to lose, I am not alarmed at the prospect!"

He broke the seal, and glanced leisurely over the short, business-like communication contained within, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness.

"Am I dreaming?" he murmured, rubbing his eyes, and shaking himself, as if to ensure complete possession of his senses. "No, I'm wide awake, and in my right mind; it is no delusion no part of my waking visions! But who would ever suppose that old Thomas Mortimer, whom I haven't seen since I was a boy of sixteen, and picked him out of the river half dead between cramp and fright, would die and leave me all of his money? Why, I'm not the shadow of a relation; but then I never heard that the old man had any kith or kin, so I can't imagine any harm in taking advantage of his odd freak! Rich—am I really to be rich?—is my Aladdin vision to be an actual fact? Oh! Edith, Edith!"

He clasped both hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that the lovely, far-off star of his adoration would be brought near to him at last by the magnet, gold. All those years of patient waiting, which he feared were before him, were to be bridged over by the strange old miser's bequest: he might claim Edith now.

How full of heart-sunshine were the weeks that flitted over the head of the accepted lover—brightened by Edith's smile—made beautiful by the soft radiance of Edith's love!

There was only one alloying shadow—the almost imperceptible touch of distrust and suspicion with which stern old Doctor Wyllis regarded his future son-in-law.

Ah! he feared to trust his only child to the keeping of any man who had not been proved in the fiery furnace of trial!

It was precisely a week before the day appointed for the wedding, and the soft lights veiled by shades of ground glass were just lighted in Doctor Wyllis's drawing-room, where Edith sat among her white roses and heliotrope, working on a bit of cambric ruffling, and singing to herself.

She was a slender beautiful girl, with violet eyes, a blue-veined forehead, and glossy abundant curls, of that pale gold that painters love to portray.

"I wonder if Mortimer Place is so very lovely," she said to a silver-haired lady who sat opposite. "Philip is going to take me there when we return from our wedding tour, aunty; he says it is the sweetest place a poet's fancy could devise, with flowers and shrubberies, and delicious copses! Oh! shall we not be happy there?"

She started up, with a bright, sudden flush; for even while the words were trembling on her lips, Philip Acre came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withal.

Mrs. Wyllis, with an arch nod at her niece, disappeared into the perfumed perspective of the conservatory, leaving the lovers to themselves.

"You are looking grave, Philip," said Edith, as he bent over and kissed her cheek.

"And I am feeling so, darling. I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to-night—our marriage must be postponed indefinitely."

"Philip! for what reason?"

"To enable me by diligent labor at my profession to realize sufficient means to support you, dearest, in a manner satisfactory to your father's expectations and my own wishes."

"But, Philip, I thought——"

"You thought me the heir of Thomas Mortimer's wealth? So I was, Edith, a few hours since, but I have relinquished all claim to it now. When I accepted the bequest, I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learnt to-day that a distant cousin—a woman—is alive, although my lawyer tells me, in ignorance of her relationship to Thomas Mortimer. Of course, I shall transfer the property to her immediately."

"But, Philip, the will has made it legally yours?"

"Legally, it has; but Edith, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak, at this woman's expense? I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again, nor could I dream of *legally* defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honor as a Christian gentleman!"

"You have done *right*, Philip," said Edith, with sparkling eyes. "We will wait, and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? What is her name?"

"That's just what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions, and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out; and then, darling——"

His lips quivered a moment, yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence—"*Then* I will begin the battle of life over again."

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self-abnegation—a sweet testimonial.

"Hem!" said Doctor Wyllis, polishing his eye-glasses magisterially with a silk crimson pocket-handkerchief; "I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him—a very honorable thing to do. Edith, I have never felt quite certain about Phil Acre's being worthy of you before——"

"Papa!"

"But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?"

"This evening, sir," faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly drooping.

"Tell him, Edith, that he may have you next Wednesday, just the same as ever! And as for the law-practising—why, there's time enough for that afterwards. Child, don't strangle me with your kisses—keep 'em for Phil."

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

"Tried and not found wanting!" he muttered indistinctly.

* * * * * *

The perfume of orange-blossoms had died away, the glimmer of pearls and satin were hidden in velvet caskets and travelling trunks—and Mr. and Mrs. Acre, old-married people of full a month's duration, were driving along a country road, in the amber glow of a glorious autumn sunset.

"Hallo! which way is Thomas going?" said Philip, leaning from the window, as the carriage turned out of the main road.

"*I* told him the direction to take, Phil!" said Edith, with bright, sparkling eyes. "Let me have my own way, just for once! We are going to our new home."

"Are we?" said Phil, with a comical grimace. "It is to be love in a cottage, I suppose?"

"Wait until you see, sir," said Mrs. Acre, pursing up her little rosebud of a mouth. And Philip "waited" dutifully.

"Where are we?" he asked, in astonishment, when the carriage drew up in front of a stately pillared portico, which seemed not entirely unfamiliar to him. "Surely this is Mortimer Place!"

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was!" said Doctor Wyllis, emerging from the doorway. "Walk in, my boy—come, Edith! Well, how do you like the looks of your new home?"

"Our new home?" repeated Philip. "I do not understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Thomas Mortimer, although she never knew it till this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. *I* was aware of the facts all along: but I wasn't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil Acre! And now, as the deed of conveyance isn't made out yet, I don't suppose your lawyer need trouble himself about it. The heiress won't quarrel with you, I'll be bound!"

Philip Acre's cheek flushed, and then grew pale with strong, hidden emotion, as he looked at his fair wife, standing beside him, when the sunset turned her bright hair to coils of shining gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of the darkness had come light!

THE SUNFLOWER.—The sunflower is said to be the best egg-producing food known for poultry, keeping them in thriving condition, and largely increasing the production of eggs. Every poultry raiser who tries it will find that it is the best food known for glossing the plumage of fowls, and is almost indispensable to those who want to fit their birds for exhibition to the best advantage. The Russian sunflower is easily raised, requires very little care, and can be grown in fence corners and other places difficult to cultivate. Its production of seed is immense, yielding often at the rate of 100 bushels to the acre. It should be planted in hills four feet apart, any time from the 10th of May to the 1st of July. Three quarts of seed will plant an acre.

A SINGLE cattle ranch in Wyoming embraces one million acres.

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Our Young Folks.

TOM'S "RAINY WEATHER."

BY PIPKIN.

CHAPTER I.

"ETTIE," said Master Tom, "do you like to be naughty or good?"

"Naughty," replied Ettie promptly.

Ettie was five years old, and Master Tom nine.

Ettie and Master Tom were at the far end of the kitchen-garden, going through the gate that led into a small paddock, when Ettie suddenly said—

"Pigs."

"Where?" exclaimed Master Tom.

"Poor pigs in pen all shut up," answered Ettie.

"What a shame!" said Master Tom. "I say, Mrs. Pig, wouldn't you like your little piggies to have a run this fine day?

"There's grass around in plenty
For the little ones to eat,
And in the kitchen-garden
There's cabbage for a treat.

Now, Ettie, get out of the way; I am going to open the door of the pigstye."

And Master Tom threw the door wide open, and out rushed not only the ten little pigs, but Mrs. Pig herself. They came with such a rush that Ettie, not getting out of the way quickly enough, was knocked down. But she did not cry; for she was used to falling in her expeditions with Tom.

Through the garden gate, into the garden, over the beds, went the pigs, and after them went Master Tom and Ettie, driving them until they went into the middle of the crisp early cabbages.

"Now then, eat to your hearts' content," said Master Tom. "Eat away, eat away! How they do enjoy themselves; there won't be a cabbage left. Won't Joseph be surprised. Let us get up into the great pear-tree and watch them. You can climb up if I push you."

"Yes," responded Ettie, grasping the trunk and putting her foot on a jutting-out knob.

"That's famous," said Master Tom, as he helped his little sister up until he landed her in one of the highest boughs.

"Isn't it nice?" said he.

And he began swaying the branches to and fro, whilst Ettie held on tightly and laughed with delight.

"Oh dear! oh dear! how can the pigs have got in?"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Master Tom from the pear-tree, mimicking the gardener's voice.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Ettie in her shrill voice.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Joseph in dismay; "the children up in the pear-tree such a height; they'll tumble down and break their necks. Oh, Master Tom, Master Tom, whatever did you go up there for, and take little Missy with you? What shall I do?—the pigs, the children, the children, the pigs! I daren't leave the children; and yet if I don't go after the pigs the garden will be ruined. Oh, my lettuces, my peas, my cauliflowers, my fine young cabbages!"

And then Joseph suddenly raised his voice and shouted as loud as he could—

"Help! help! help! Hallo! hallo! hallo!"

In a few seconds out came several of the servants, and amongst them was Nurse. "Oh! what is the matter?" she cried "Is it Master Tom again?"

"I should think it was," said Joseph; "he's in the pear-tree, and Miss Ettie's with him. Jack, get a ladder to get her out of the tree."

Jack, the boy, went off, and now the branches were seen to sway backwards and forwards, the two children chuckling with delight.

"And here I come first," said Master Tom, suddenly descending in so rapid a manner that he seemed to tumble down amongst the group, and stumbling against Joseph, the gardener was tripped up and fell to the ground.

Nurse tried to seize upon Master Tom, who, however, shook himself free, leaving it for Joseph and the boy to get Ettie out of the pear-tree.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Nurse returned to the house with Ettie, the first thing she saw was the turf beneath the nursery window strewn with every possible thing that Master Tom could find. He himself was looking out of the nursery window with an armful of Ettie's frocks and sashes, which he aimed at Nurse and her charge as they came near the house.

"Oh dear! shan't I be glad when you go back to school, Master Tom. Here's an hour's good work for me in carrying back all these things."

And Nurse wearifully ascended to the nursery, but Master Tom was not there.

"Well," said Nurse, "it's a good thing he's gone off by himself, and not got Miss Ettie with him. You stay here and play with your dolls, and I'll run down and pick up your frocks and shoes."

So Nurse, having settled Ettie with her playthings, departed.

But she had not been gone a minute before Master Tom put his head in at the door.

"Ettie," said he, "come down into the drawing-room, and we'll have the greatest fun in the world. I've got a large umbrella and water-bottles, so we'll play at rainy weather."

Up jumped Ettie.

"Hush! don't make a noise, or some one will hear us. Come very softly."

And Ettie, on tiptoes, followed Tom to the drawing-room, where, having locked the door, he provided Ettie with a large umbrella.

"Now sit down on the floor," said he, "and hold it over you. You must pretend that it is a rainy day, and that you are obliged to shelter under it."

Down went Ettie on the floor, and up went the umbrella.

"Now," continued Master Tom (who had borrowed a pair of high boots so that, at least, he should not get wet), "I shall pour water over the umbrella and it will splash down like rain. You must say, 'What a dreadful day! What a dreadful storm!'"

"Yes," answered Ettie. "Splash, splash, splash! what a storm! what a storm!"

And down came the water, splashing Ettie's velvet frock and wetting her shoes, and making pools on the drawing-room carpet. What fun it was! so Master Tom thought, and so did Ettie; and the more he emptied the water-bottles the more they both shouted with glee.

Guided by the noise, Nurse soon arrived at the door.

"Open the door! open the door!"

But Master Tom took no notice. Nurse might batter away as she liked: he was safe inside.

"What are you doing?"

"Playing at rain," cried Ettie; "my frock and my shoes all wet. It is rainy day, Nurse."

"The road is full of puddles," said Master Tom; "splash, splash; don't you hear it?"

Yes, Nurse did hear it, and wondered what it was.

"I've finished the bottles," said Master Tom: "now for the watering-can, it's quite full. It will come down like a shower-bath Ettie."

"Oh! oh! oh!" gasped Ettie, for the umbrella slipped from her hand and she received the contents of the watering-can on her head, neck, and arms. Then Ettie, for the first time, began to cry.

"You bad boy," cried Nurse in a state of despair; "open the door or I will have it broken open."

Master Tom unlocked the door, and then making a rapid retreat to one of the windows he leaped through it almost before Nurse had opened the door.

Nurse held up her hands in dismay. The beautiful drawing-room carpet was soaked with water, and in the midst, crouched on the floor, sat Ettie, with her hair and her fine velvet frock dripping.

"Tom poured water," sobbed Ettie, as Nurse lifted her off the ground.

Nurse rang the bell lustily, and the housemaid came running to see what was the matter.

"What will the mistress say?" said Jane as she looked at the carpet; "I shouldn't wonder if it is spoiled altogether."

"I know what I should say, and what I shall say!" said Nurse; "I shall tell the mistress that if something isn't done to curb Master Tom, he'll be such a plague that no one will care to see him. I've had such a day with him to-day as I don't intend to have again."

And Nurse carried Ettie off to the nursery, where she took off her wet clothes, and put her into a warm bed. For Ettie was shivering, though it was a hot day, and Nurse gave out that she thought Master Tom would make his sister quite ill.

Which opinion reached Tom's ears; so he crept upstairs cautiously.

"Nurse, nurse," he said, "is Ettie very bad?"

"She's got a shivering and a shaking, and it may be an inflammation," said Nurse severely, "and what shall you say if, by your mischievous doings, you have hurt your sister!"

Master Tom's soul was filled with terror.

"I don't know how it may end," continued Nurse, "but the best thing you can do is to go downstairs in the dining-room."

He went to his own little room, where, with a white face, he watched till his mother came home. He would tell her everything, and he knew that she would let him just look at Ettie before he went to bed. And he said to himself—

"I will never get into mischief again."

It was a good resolve; let us hope that he kept it.

THE SQUIRE'S CHOICE.

BY THE MARCHIONESS.

"I DECLARE, if there isn't Squire Doane coming up the path!" exclaimed Mrs. Cross, as she looked out of the sitting-room window, after hearing the clicking of the gate, which always warned them when visitors were coming, "and we aren't tidy a bit. But he's coming on an errand, likely, and won't be apt to notice if things ain't just as they should be. He hasn't been over to see us for ever so long. He's growing old fast, Ruth, isn't he? His hair's pretty white."

Mrs. Cross sighed softly, as she brushed a chair and straightened the tidy on the lounge-pillow.

Years ago, before there was a hint of silver in Squire Doane's hair—when he was simply Stephen Doane, or oftener "Steve," among the boys and girls—he had held a tender corner in her heart.

Everybody said that Mary Cross and Stephen Doane would make a match.

But it sometimes happens that what every-body says doesn't come true, and it happened so in this case.

She had married first, more to suit her parents probably, than herself.

Then Stephen had married, and for twenty-five long years they had lived within sight of each other.

Death had come to her and him.

For ten years her husband had been sleeping in the old churchyard on the hill and for half that time his wife had lain beneath the same green grass and daisies.

"Yes, Squire Doane is growing old," answered Ruth. "He's fifty-five, isn't he?—as much as that, I should think. Seems to me you told me once he was five years older than you are."

"Yes, fifty-five or six," answered Mrs. Cross, just as his knock sounded at the door, and Ruth went to let him in.

Mrs. Cross succeeded in getting the very faintest glimpse of herself in the glass while Ruth was at the door.

It was a pleasant face that she saw in the old-fashioned mirror, with faint, late r ses showing still in her cheeks, and eyes that had never lost their early sunshine.

There were silver threads among the brown hair, banded smoothly back from the forehead, and some lines of care upon her brow.

But she was fifty years old, she thought and fifty years and a face in which they have left no trace, one does not often find together.

And then she wondered why she should think anything about her looks.

Squire Doane knew that she was growing old as well as she did.

"Good afternoon, Mary," he said, as he entered the room, and shook her hand.

It had always been Stephen and Mary between them.

"I got lonesome, and thought I'd run in and chat awhile."

"I'm glad you did," she said, cheerily, wheeling out the easy chair for him. "What's the use of having neighbors, if we ain't neighborly?—as Mrs. Dorcas always says."

The squire sat down, and Mrs. Cross drew a chair up to the window, and busied herself over her knitting.

Ruth sat down in the doorway and hulled the strawberries she had been gathering for tea.

When that task was done, she took herself off to the kitchen, and the squire and her mother were left alone.

"Ruth must be a sight of comfort to you," said the squire. "She's a smart, capable girl, Mary."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cross, with a proud smile. "Ruth's smart, if she is my daughter, and she's a good girl."

"She'll be getting married one of these days," remarked the squire, thoughtfully. "She'll make a good wife, Mary."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cross, slowly. "I don't want to let her go, though I s'pose I'll have to, some time. I don't know what I should do without her."

"It is lonesome living alone," said the squire, with a sigh. "Lucy's been dead five years next August, and though Cousin Sybil has been a good housekeeper, and kept everything up as well as anyone could I've been a good many lonesome days."

"Mary,"—with such suddenness that Mrs. Cross was half-startled—"I've been thinking of marrying again. Do you think it would be foolish?"

"Why, no, I can't say I do," she answered, with a little brighter color coming into her cheeks, and something of the old thrill of twenty-five years ago in her heart.

"I'm glad of that," said the squire, delightedly, "I'm glad you don't think so. I was afraid you might. You've known me ever since we were children, and I hope you've got a good opinion of me. I ain't thought much about it until lately, but when Ruth came up after the peas the other day, I got to thinking over it, and says I, 'she'll be marrying someone before long, and then—why, then I kept on thinking about it, and Ruth'll make a good wife for anybody—and—I wish you'd think it over Mary. You see, I ain't quite made up my my mind yet, myself, and—talk with Ruth about it, and see what she thinks."

The squire was quite flustered by this time.

He began to feel really bashful again, and knew he was getting things mixed up fearfully.

But he supposed she understood what he meant well enough.

He noticed that she was pale, and seemed rather bewildered.

But he laid it to the same emotion which made him stammer and grow red as any schoolboy asking a girl for the first time "if he might see her home."

The squire stayed to tea.

He had got partially over his embarrassment by tea-time.

Perhaps, seeing how his announcement affected Mrs. Cross, helped to compose him.

She seem flustered enough to do for both of them, he concluded, as she passed him cream twice, and gave him two heaped-up saucers of strawberries before he had eaten a single berry.

"I'll make up my mind soon," he said, when he went away. "I'll come over next week and talk with you, and you'd better talk with Ruth about it, Mary."

She sat down with her knitting and her thoughts when he was gone.

So he wanted to marry Ruth, did he—he wanted a young wife?

Well, she couldn't blame him for wanting some one young and fair.

Perhaps it was natural for him to.

He must have forgotten the old days.

Perhaps he had never cared as much for her as she had for him.

Men forget more easily than women, she thought.

"What did Squire Doane want?" Ruth asked, bye-and-bye.

"He wanted I should talk with you," her mother answered, with a curious little quiver in her voice.

She was half angry with herself for her weakness.

"He thinks of marrying again, Ruth."

"I declare!" exclaimed Ruth, in great surprise. "Who to, mother—you?"

The roses came back to Mrs. Cross' cheeks for a moment.

"No," she answered, with a choking feeling in her throat.

It was hard to give up a love which, after all, had, perhaps, never been hers, to the child who had no need of it, and for whom there was waiting other love more fitted to her youth.

"He wants to marry you, Ruth."

"Me!"

Ruth's face was one great exclamation point.

"Me! You don't mean it, mother. Why, he's older than my father was."

"Yes," I know that," answered her mother. "But he wanted me to talk with you about it."

"Why, I never thought of such a thing. It's ridiculous!" exclaimed Ruth. "I wouldn't marry him, if I knew I'd be an old maid. You are sure you are not mistaken, mother?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mrs. Cross. "And you might do a great deal worse."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Ruth. "He's a good man, and all that; but he's so old. You can tell him that I shall have to decline the honor he proposes to confer on me. Marry Squire Doane! Dear me. I never of anything so funny."

And Ruth laughed heartily.

I am afraid some practical-minded, matter-of-fact people who may read this will think Mrs. Cross a foolish woman to take it so to heart, when I tell them that she cried a few quiet tears that night.

But she was a woman whose heart had never lost the fragrance of its youth, as a flower keeps some hint of summer hidden in its leaves for years.

Squire Doane came over again in a few days.

Ruth declared she wasn't going to stay at home to be tormented by him.

No knowing what he might do when he found out that she hadn't the faintest idea of becoming Mrs. Squire Doane.

"Men can act so ridiculous, you know," she said. "You can tell him a good deal better than I can. Break the news gently to the dear man, and say I don't believe in old men's darlings."

And she went off laughing.

The squire was evidently ill at ease.

He fidgeted about, and looked the family Bible through from beginning to end, read of the births, deaths, and marriages, and took a careful inventory of the books on the mantelshelf.

And she was about as nervous as he was.

She felt sorry for him.

She was sure he would be disappointed.

But he had no right to expect Ruth to look very favorably upon his suit.

At last—

"Have you talked with Ruth?" burst out the squire.

"Yes, and she is opposed to it," answered Mrs. Cross, anxious to have the troublesome affair off her hands. "She says you are too old."

"Too old!"

The squire faced round in some astonishment.

"Why, I ain't only five years older than you are, am I?"

"No," answered the widow; "but you're thirty-five years older than she is, you know."

"Well, what if I am? What's that got to do with it, I'd like to know? I ain't going to marry her, am I?" demanded the squire, much excited.

"That's what you wanted to do, I supposed," answered Mrs. Cross. "At least, that's what I understood you meant."

"Why, Mary, what a goose!" exclaimed the squire, laughing till he was red in the face. "Marry Ruth! Good Heavens! I meant you." Back came all the vanished roses.

"I—I thought you meant her, Stephen," she said, shyly. "I understand you so."

"Not a bit of it," answered the squire. "I want you. Can I have you?"

"Yes, if you want me," she answered.

Then her face was like a bed of carnations, and then the squire kissed her delightedly, as if his years had been twenty-five instead of fifty-five.

Ruth stayed away till almost dark, to make sure of not seeing him.

But when she came in there he was, and his chair was suspiciously near her mother's.

"Such a joke!" cried the squire. "Your mother's been trying to marry you and me, when I never thought of such a thing. I've explained the matter to her, and—and she says she's willing."

And her mother's face explained all the rest.

"That's more like it!" exclaimed Ruth, as she kissed them both. "I didn't believe you wanted such a flighty thing as I am."

"But I know someone who does," cried the squire, chucking her under the chin in the exuberance of his spirits. "Charley'll be home next year, and I—well, I think you know more about it, maybe, than I do."

And Ruth rather thought so, too.

A FISH AUCTION.—A fish auction in Holland is one of the oddest things in the world. As soon as a boatman reaches port with a load of fish the fact is announced by the sounding of a gong. Those desiring to make purchases repair to the beach, where the fish are piled up in little heaps. The owner then proceeds to auction them off. Instead of letting the purchasers do the bidding, as is done in this country, he does it himself. He sings out a price at which he will sell the lot. If no one takes it he comes down by easy stages till within what the purchasers are willing to pay.

ANGEL-VISITS.

BY SAMUEL K. COWAN.

Do angels ever visit us?
As poets often sweetly sing;
Do angels visit mortals thus?
Or is it but a fancied thing?

If ever to the blind of sight—
If, unto hearts that blindly grope,
Your hand hath been a guiding light,
Your words have been a ray of hope;

If ever wrath were turned aside
By thee, by some soft answer stayed;
If, at sweet morn or eventide,
Ever your heart for others prayed;

If ever, by soft words and mild,
You raised a fainting spirit up?
If ever, to a thirsting child,
You held love's little water cup;

If ever you have striven to save
A spirit, wandering erringly;
If ever to the poor you gave
The cheerful gift of charity;

Tho' the dear Presence was unseen,
And tho' unheard the "hail!" it said—
At these bright times your heart has been
By some dear angel visited!

HOW THEY ARE MADE.

LET'S take a little trip through a Stamping Company's factory and post ourselves a bit as to how tin is used. Here is a big room full of men and women and curious machinery; but, before we go in, let us look into the system of management a little. An enormous quantity of tin must be used here each week, and without some careful system to govern all, there would also be an enormous waste. The work, then, to a great extent, is given out by the piece. A workman is instructed to make, say, 200 wash-boilers. It is known in the office exactly what materials he will need, and he is given an order on the keeper of the stock-room for so many sheets of tin, so many of stamped copper bottoms, so much wire, so many handles, so much solder. When his lot of boilers is finished, his stock is accounted for to a penny's worth, and there has been no waste.

You may have picked up a seamless pie-tin, and wondered how it could be made in that manner. Here is the machine which does it. It is solid and compact, and meant to exert great pressure. On what may be called the lower jaw of the machine is a flat iron bed; in the centre of this is a steel mold, or, as you may call it, a steel pie-tin. The sheet of tin to be used is cut to a certain size, being an inch larger on all sides than the pie-tin. It is laid on this steel mold, and, as the machine works, a steel head is pressed down into the mold and and turns the tin up on every side. It is taken out an almost perfect pie-tin, only needing to have the edges pressed down by another machine to be ready for market. While we have been telling you how the one tin was made the machine has turned out a hundred.

Pretty much all the salves you buy of the druggist is put up in tin boxes. Here is one of the very few machines in the United States which make them. The principle is the same as the other, and as you realize the economy practiced you can't help but feel astonished. Ask a tinsmith to make you a box which holds two ounces of salve, and he must take his compass and mark out the top and bottom, and cut them with his shears. He must then cut his side pieces, bend them in a machine, and use his soldering-iron. It will take a smart workman from twenty minutes to half an hour to finish your box, and, no matter how handy he is, there will be a certain roughness in his work.

Now watch this machine. A workman takes a strip of tin cut to a certain width, and feeds it in on the mould, the head falls with a click, and one-half your box drops to the floor. The next blow drops the other half, and the box is made, except that the lower part is taken in hand by another machine which mills the edge and prevents the cover from slipping down too far. This machine turns out 6,500 boxes per day, with the least possible waste in material. Fifty tinsmiths could not do its work.

You may have discovered that a wire is run around the edges of the larger articles of tinware, such as pails, dish-pans, and boilers. Where these articles are made of sheet-metal there is no need of it, but when stamped from tin, the wire is put in to render them stiffer and stronger. The tinsmith measures a piece from his coil of wire, files it off, and then bends it into a circle as well as he can by his imperfect machinery. The only way he can straighten a piece of wire is by hammering and using his eye as a guide.

Here is the machine, which works faster than a hundred tinkers. The wire is taken off a reel, straightened, cut in any length, and bent in any shape desired faster than you can count, and no mistakes are made.

In the making of cups, kerosene cans, tea and coffee-pots, dippers, and a few other articles with handles, the soldering-iron must come into play; but basins, pans, cups, wash-dishes and pie-tins can be stamped and made ready for market with a rapidity to astonish you. All the ware in which seams have to be closed with solder, are sent to the basement when finished. Down there is a tank of hot water, and every article is forced down into this and held for a few seconds to detect any leak which the soldering-iron may have left behind it.

Grains of Gold.

Life, when it is real, is not evanescent.

When we strike mud we get sweared over.

He teaches me to be good that does me good.

He that plants trees loves others besides himself.

If we had but more faith, we should have less care.

Jealousy—The homage paid by inferiority to merit.

Knowledge is the treasure, but judgment the treasurer of a wise man.

Ingratitude calls forth reproaches, as gratitude brings fresh kindness.

Much harm would be averted if there were none to listen to evil speaking.

Nobody takes reproof so kindly as he that deserves most to be commended.

No man forgets respect to another who knows the value of respect to himself.

Charity—A service that the receiver should remember, and the giver forget.

Prejudice is the mildew of the mind; it is only found where light does not enter.

There is a wide distinction between gossip and the intelligent discussion of character.

Look after the establishment of a worthy character, and leave its appreciation to others.

The desire of being pitied or admired is commonly the reason of one confiding things to others.

Affability, mildness, tenderness, and good nature are the bread of mankind and the staff of life.

A child's questionings, seriously answered, supply the chief basis for that child's education.

Some people's hearts are shrunk in them like dried nuts. You can hear 'em rattle as they walk.

There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit.

There is nothing that God has judged good for us that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and moral world.

Make use of time while it is present with you; it depends upon your will, and not upon the number of days, to have a sufficient length of life.

Think of your own faults the first part of the night—when you are awake—and of the faults of others the latter part of the night—when you are asleep.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

Money will make us work, but money will not make us give our hearts to the work—nothing but love for the work, or real good principle, can make us do that.

The foundation of labor in any sphere is a good man, and all that is done to give breadth, depth, and fulness in him, will react in ultimate improvement upon his work.

Whatever be the inspiring motive, tact is in its outward features a sort of charity: it is impossible to be tactful, however selfishly, without making life pass more pleasantly for our neighbor.

Life will bring cares, many of them doubtless heavy and bitter. Troubles there are more sad than many fortunate ones ever knew; but there is one generally safe and certain cure for all, and that is work.

Both memory and stomach are valuable, not in proportion to the burdens that they can carry, but in proportion to their training for their part in the work of the system as a whole, and either of them is made effective as much by what is kept from it as by what is packed into it.

What we call the sterner virtues alone cannot make a good character. The man of integrity who is cold, or hard, or unamiable, is as far from moral goodness as he is from moral beauty. He who prides himself on being righteous, and forgets to be kind, is not truly righteous.

If we apply ourselves seriously to wisdom, we shall never live without true pleasure, but learn to be pleased with everything. We shall be pleased with wealth in so far as it enables us to benefit others; with poverty, in not having much to care for; and with obscurity, for being unenvied.

Femininities.

A maiden hath no tongue—but thought.

Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

What a man wants—All he can get. What a woman wants—All she can't get.

Lemon-juice rubbed on the face and hands tends to remove freckles and whiten the skin.

When we experience the desire to be caressed, we comprehend the necessity of being amiable.

Fine words butter no parsnips; but a new bonnet presented to a wife will cover a multitude of her husband's sins.

"Gossip," writes a Brooklyn miss to her friend, "is growing old-fashioned; pretty lies are fashionable now."

Bombay husbands cut off their wives' noses for punishment. In a single week five such cases were reported.

Never make vague promises to a wife; give a woman an inch of promise, and she requires ten miles of fulfilment.

A recent advertisement in a New York paper read: "A young lady would like a position as dish-washer in a restaurant."

The Sultan of Morocco has 1,000 wives. Solomon only had 700. But Solomon was a wise man; he knew when he had enough.

Do be exact in money matters; every debt you incur means loss to some one—probably some one less able than you to bear it.

Do recollect that your health is more important than your amusement: you can live without one, but you'll die early without the other.

A 15-year-old girl was seized with paralysis of the heart, in a New York skating rink, recently, and died with the skates on her feet.

Suppose the ten-hour law applied to women—what would we men do? There wouldn't be anybody to darn our stockings and mend our clothes at night.

"A harmonious color gives a feeling of repose to the home," says an art journal. Therefore, if you have a red-headed wife, furnish your house in the same tint.

A Manchester paper points with pride to a New Hampshire woman who hasn't broken a lamp or a lamp-chimney in thirty years. Perhaps she used gas or candles.

Last December little George saw a snow-storm for the first time. "Mamma, mamma!" he called out from the window, "bring a pan; it's raining pop-corn!"

"When are you going to take those skates off?" asked a lady who was tired waiting for her daughter. "I don't know, mamma, about next fall, I reckon."

Among the newest Easter offerings is a lace pin in the form of a chicken entirely incrusted with brilliants, with a ruby-eye and a golden egg-shell on the bar beside it.

At the recent city election at La Conner, Mon., two married women were elected members of the City Council, and the local paper affectionately calls them "city mammas."

A Florida woman is making money by running a saw-mill, but she is dying by inches, all the same of pique and mortification. She can't make her voice heard above the buzzing of the saw.

The famous French writer, Edmund About's rule in correcting the proofs of his writings was: "If I come to a sentence, or even a word, which I should not like my daughter to read, I strike it out."

From Berlin comes the announcement of the adoption of the old-fashioned hoop-skirt in a modified form. If it is modified so that a woman will not occupy more than two seats in the street-cars we may be able to stand it.

Never wash in warm water before going out in cold weather. Such a practice will roughen the skin. Warm water should be used only before retiring. When drying the face always rub down, as rubbing up always tends to roughen it.

One of the latest freaks in gastronomical fashion is a dish of marrow-bones which are served hot and folded in a napkin. The marrow is scooped out with a cute little spoon, invented by Tiffany for the purpose, and eaten with a thin crumpet.

A lady whose bang was destroyed by a recent explosion of natural gas in Allegheny county, this State, has sued the company whose pipes led to the disaster, placing the value of the hirsute ornament at $100—and the value of a bang is likely to be judiciously determined.

A cat funeral in great style is reported from Japan. The coffin of the defunct pussy was covered with a white silk pall, and a body of chanting priests followed the cortege to the grave. In due course of time a monument was erected, on which were inscribed the many virtues of the cat.

The other day there was a sale of household effects. Enter woman of the house, who has been out a short time, during which the auctioneer has sold a large family Bible. Woman of the house (to neighbor): "What did the family Bible fetch, Mrs. Jones?" Mrs. Jones: "Five dollars." Woman of house: "Only five dollars! Too bad, too bad! and it never was opened."

It would take a wise man to penetrate the subtle and intricate processes of a young woman's reasoning. "I don't like Mr. Lot," we heard one say to another not long ago. "Why?" asked her listener. "Oh, to begin with, he wears lavender gloves," was the response, and to both these petticoated critics the matter seemed sufficiently discussed and satisfactorily settled.

Spruce chewing-gum costs, at wholesale, $150 per barrel, and one Maine firm has sold since Christmas ninety-eight barrels. Their orders came from all parts of the country. The other day they received a letter from a Chicago girl, who said she wrote on behalf of herself and classmates, asking the price of a barrel of gum, and the cost of loading it on the cars. Some Chicago girls are said to chew gum.

News Notes.

Paris telephone wires run through the sewers.

Kentucky furnishes 36,000 applicants for federal offices.

Nearly 5,000 churn patents have been issued in this country.

The newest craze is to collect all kinds and shapes of parlor lamps.

Two nieces of President Cleveland teach in the public schools of Peoria, Ill.

High license ($100 a quarter) has cleared Santa Clara, Cal., of skating rinks.

A paper has been started in Memphis, ing the primitive title of "Adam."

A Georgia farmer boasts of having grown a potato weighing thirteen pounds.

Santa Cruz, Cal., has a twelve-year-old tramp working in the city chain gang.

Albany, N. Y., ice dealers are already talking of an increase in prices the coming summer.

The mayor of Tucson, Arizona, gets $25 per month, and each member of the Council $10 per month.

A freak of nature in the form of an eight-legged calf is among the stock owned by a Chester, N. J., man.

There are over thirty Mormon churches in Colorado. In Idaho there are over sixty; in Arizona about seventy.

Drunkards, it is reported, constitute more than half the entire number of subjects now in the Paris insane asylums.

Stockton, Cal., has a curfew bell, which rings at 9.10 evenings, at which time all children must go home or be arrested.

The official residence of the President of Venezuela is called, in part imitation of our White House, the "Yellow House."

Complaint is made in South Brooklyn that the roller skating craze has "killed" dancing parties and injured the business of musicians.

The investigation into color blindness among railway employes in Germany shows that 936 persons out of 189,452 had no idea of color whatever.

An anti-swearing society, the members of which bind themselves not to use profane language for one year, has been formed in Fair Haven, Conn.

It has been decided in the lower Court in New York that throwing a base-ball on Sunday is a crime. The General Term, however, has reversed this decision.

Two tramps begged money enough at Yarmouth, N. S., recently, to buy each of them a silver watch, which they purchased a day or two later at a jewelry store.

A Providence, R. I., physician has returned as cause of death, in the case of a baby he had been called to attend, a published work on infant management and its author.

Writing will look like silver, it is stated, if done with mucilage water, into which one ounce of fine powder or block tin and two ounces of mercury have been mixed and ground.

Two rifle clubs are to have a competition by aid of the telegraph. One is to shoot in Minneapolis, the other in Cincinnati. The result of every shot will be telegraphed by one club to the other.

The universities of Oxford and Cambridge have the reputation of being hotbeds of slang. It is said that nine-tenths of the slang words heard in England to-day come from the above-named institutions.

At San Saba, Texas, the other day, a couple were married on the street, sitting in a buggy, the bridegroom armed with a rifle, and the bride with a revolver. They apprehended opposition from the bride's relatives.

A cooking kitchen on wheels, easily drawn by one horse or a mule, is the latest reported novelty. It will cook rations of any kind in the field for a regiment, and will bake, boil and stew while on the line of march.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has gravely decided that "a box in legal signification, is a deadly weapon, as much so as a loaded pistol or an axe," it having been shown that a man was killed with an article of that kind.

The new college game of tenpins is to set up three pins in a row in a line with the bowler, whose aim is to so curve the ball as to knock out the centre pin. Should he knock down all three, he is considered a fit subject for ridicule.

A society for the suppression of slang has been organized among the female operatives of a large factory in Cleveland. All members of the society using a slang word or phrase are fined, and the proceeds thus obtained are devoted to some charitable object.

The two-cent dinners, which consist of a hot, nutritious soup, served in the market-place and open squares in Paris, may not put much money in the pockets of the projectors of the scheme, but they put an immense amount of comfort in the stomachs of the hungry poor.

In Tallahassee, Fla., a few days ago, a couple were married who had only been personally acquainted for the brief period of ten minutes. The courtship had been carried on through the aid of the mails. The groom, a widower, resides in Florida, while the bride hails from Texas.

A gold ring which a Hoosick, N. Y., man lost in his stable a fortnight ago, was found the other day pressed over the calk in the shoe of a horse that was being shod. The horse had been driven all over the neighboring country every day in the meantime, but, singular to relate, the ring was not the least bit injured.

A buxom country girl rode into Carlisle, this State, the other day, wearing a jaunty-looking hat of strictly domestic manufacture. It was made wholly of straw and corn shucks that grew upon her father's farm, and was trimmed with chickens' feathers dyed in pokeberry juice and blue writing fluid. She created a sensation.

20,690,506
BOTTLES OF
Warner's
"SAFE" CURE,

Or, Warner's SAFE Kidney and Liver Cure (its former title).

SOLD TO FEBRUARY 1st, 1885!

No other compound on earth can show a similar record, and no Physician a better one.

The highest Medical authorities pronounce it the only known Specific for Kidney, Liver and Urinary diseases; that it has no equal as a **A BLOOD PURIFIER,** and that it is the best safeguard against contagious diseases, both acute and chronic, keeping the **Kidneys and Liver**—the great organs of the body—in healthy condition, disease then being impossible.

For the many distressing ailments of delicate Ladies, it has no equal.

We can furnish over One Hundred Thousand voluntary Testimonials similar to the following.

Read them for the good of yourself, your family, and your friends.

Note the following, showing how this vast number of bottles was distributed, as evidenced by our sales-books.

Boston, - - - - - - 936,842.

B. F. LARRABEE, Esq., 49 Chester Square, Boston, Mass., in 1879, was given up by several prominent Boston Physicians as incurable from Bright's Disease. He took over 200 bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, in 1880-2, and Oct. 6, 1884, wrote that the "cure was as permanent as surprising."

Providence, - - - - 128,947.

G. W. FULTON, Esq., Fulton, Texas, suffered for ten years from serious bladder disorders and lost from 25 to 30 pounds; in 1881 he used 14 bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, and recovered his natural weight and said, "I consider myself well for a man of 75." December 20th, 1884, he wrote, "I have had no symptoms of kidney disorder since 1881, and if I did I should rely upon SAFE Cure."

Portland, Me., - - - 330,829.

EX-GOV. R. T. JACOB, Westport Ky. In 1882, during a political canvass, health gave way and was prostrated with severe kidney trouble. Lost 40 pounds of flesh. Used Warner's SAFE Cure in 1882, and June 23, 1884, writes: "I have never enjoyed better health,—all owing to Warner's SAFE Cure."

Bal. of N. Eng., - - - - 331,315.

HON. N. A. PLYMPTON (Hon. B. F. Butler's campaign manager), of Worcester, Mass., in May, 1880, was prostrated by kidney colic, caused by the passage of gravel from the kidneys to the bladder. He then began using Warner's SAFE Cure and in a short time passed a large stone and a number of smaller ones. Dec. 10th, 1884, Mr. Plympton wrote, "I have had no recurrence of my old trouble since Warner's SAFE Cure cured me."

New York State, - - 3,053,080.

MRS. J. B. DESMOULIN, 2411 Morgan street, St. Louis, Mo., in 1882, wrote, "I have been in delicate health for many years; but Warner's SAFE Cure made me the picture of health." June 23rd, 1884, she wrote, "My health has been good for the last two years."

Pennsylvania, - - - 1,365,914.

Chicago, - - - - - 2,181,620.

CHAS. E. STEPHENS, of Louisville, Ky., Nov. 15, 1882, wrote, "When my daughter was ten years of age she was seriously attacked by extreme kidney disorder. She recovered temporarily, but a year ago was again prostrated. She was swollen to twice her natural size, had frequent headaches, nausea, and other disguised symptoms of the disorder. All her Louisville physicians agreed that she could not recover. Her case and treatment were telegraphed to a New York specialist, who said recovery was impossible. Last August we began to treat her ourselves, and now, wholly through the influence of Warner's SAFE Cure, she is apparently as well as ever." November, 1884, he says, "My daughter is apparently in perfect health."

Detroit, - - - - - - 635,210.

THE REV. ANDREW J. GRAHAM, (P. E.), Grand Island, Neb., in 1881 was pronounced fatally sick with Bright's Disease. His condition he says was desperate and he could get no relief from physicians. He then followed Warner's SAFE Cure treatment, and July 7, 1884, he wrote, "All local trouble has disappeared. Have taken no medicine for nearly a year."

Milwaukee, - - - - - 344,171.

S. P. HESS, Rochester, N. Y., the well known tobacco manufacturer, three years ago took twenty-five bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure for liver disorder, and August 20th, 1884, he reported, "I consider myself fully cured, and the credit is wholly due to Warner's SAFE Cure."

Minnesota, - - - - - 480,013.

G. W. HAMILTON, Milton, Santa Rosa Co., Florida, December 15th, 1884, wrote that "four years ago my wife was suffering with liver complaint which reduced her to a skeleton. The doctors finally pronounced her case Bright's Disease of the kidneys, and incurable. She then took 13 bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, and has been in perfect health ever since. She now weighs 180 pounds where formerly she was a skeleton. Warner's SAFE Cure will make a permanent cure always if taken by directions."

Bal. N. W States, - - 1,400,362.

Cleveland, - - - - - 511,974.

JOSEPH JACQUES, Esq., St. Albans, Vt., in January 1877 was taken desperately sick with Bright's Disease of the kidneys. He spat blood, was tremendously bloated and seemed to be beyond the power of the best physicians. He then took 60 bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure which restored him to health. January 1st, 1885, eight years afterwards, he wrote: "I never enjoyed better health in my life than I do now, and I owe it all to Warner's SAFE Cure. I consider myself cured of Bright's Disease."

Cincinnati, - - - - - 655,250.

B. J. WORRELL, of Ellaville, Fla., in 1879, was prostrated with Bright's Disease of the kidneys, and under the best treatment, grew worse. "On the advice of Governor Drew's sister, I began Warner's SAFE Cure, sixty bottles of which restored me to full measure of health. I have now been cured about four years, and my case is regarded as miraculous." Governor Drew of Jacksonville, Florida, April 20th, 1884, says "Mr. Worrell's case and cure give me great confidence in Warner's SAFE Cure, and I unhesitatingly indorse it."

Bal. Ohio, (State,) - - 474,869.

MRS. S. A. CLARK, East Granby, Conn., in 1881 was utterly used up with constitutional and female complaints of the worst kind. Been sick ten years, and tried everything. In November, 1884, she wrote, "Warner's SAFE Cure cured me four years ago, and has kept me well."

Southern States, - - 2,725,513.

ROBERT GRAHAM, 77 Penn street, Brooklyn, N. Y., suffered for six years from inflammation of the bladder and stricture. Six physicians, specialists, gave him up to die. In 1883, he began Warner's SAFE Cure and its continued use, he says, effected a complete cure. Under date June 25, 1884, he says, "My health continues good; have used no medicine since April 30, 1883."

Canada, - - - - - 1,175,938.

St. Louis, - - - - - 1,222,895.

REV. JAMES ERWIN, Methodist minister, West Eaton, N. Y., was long and seriously ill with inflammation of the prostate gland, (a very obstinate disorder.) In 1882, he began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and June 25th 1884, wrote, "The relief obtained two years ago proved permanent; physicians express great surprise."

Kansas City, - - - - 538,396.

S. A. JOHNSTON, Lockington, Ohio, Sept. 20, 1881, stated that for thirty years he had suffered tortures with dyspepsia, but he was entirely cured by the use of Warner's SAFE Cure. Dec. 8th, 1884, he says: "I took 20 or 25 bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, and it has never failed to stop any symptoms of my old complaint if they appeared; my health is good."

Bal. S. W. States, - - 635,092.

N. B. SMILEY, Esq., of Bradford, Pa., in 1882, was very seriously sick of extreme kidney disorder and rheumatism, which gradually grew worse. Physicians being unable to assist him his last resort was Warner's SAFE Cure, and June 25th, 1884, he wrote, "My health is better than for two years past, and in some respects is better than it has been for five years. When I catch cold and have any slight kidney trouble, I resume the medicine again and the relief I believe is permanent."

San Francisco, - - - 932,210.

JAMES M. DAVIS, 330 South Pearl street, Albany, N. Y., superintendent of Jagger Iron Co., in 1881 suffered from very serious kidney trouble; he weighed but 160 pounds; he used 18 bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, and December 8th, 1884, he wrote, "That was fully three years ago. I have had no trouble since, and I feel first class and weigh 198 pounds. I would not go back to that time of four years ago for all the dollars in the United States."

Bal. Pacific Coast, - - 624,257.

All the Testimonials above given are from persons who were PERMANENTLY CURED several years ago and remain so.

300 LADIES' GOSSAMER CLOAKS FREE.

Wishing to introduce our goods and secure future trade, we will SEND FREE to each reader of this paper a LADIES' HANDSOME WICKER-WOVEN WORK BASKET containing 1 pkge. Silk and Satin Blocks for Patchwork; 1 pkge. Fancy Work Needles; 3 Yards of Elegant Imported Lace; 1 pkge. Embroidery Silk, assorted; 1 pkge. Fancy Work Patterns, new designs; 1 Silvered Thimble; ½ doz. Fruit Napkins and 1 Handsome Lithograph Covered Cook Book; and the only charge we make is **36 cts.** to pay expenses. For a club of 3 and $1.00, we will send 3 baskets and a Gold Enameled Screw Propelling Pencil extra. TO THE FIRST 300 PERSONS answering this advertisement we will send, FREE of charge, ONE LADIES' GOSSAMER CLOAK. When we say cloaks we mean cloaks, not sleevers, leggins or any other kind of garments. Please state size wanted. This offer good for 10 days only. ACENTS' SUPPLY CO., Chicago, Illinois.

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Upon receipt of only **Twenty-five Cents** we will send our large Illustrated 16-page, 64-column *Literary and Family paper,* **The Cricket on the Hearth,** for **Three Months,** and to every subscriber we will also send, **Free** and post-paid, **Six Charming Books,** each containing a complete first-class novel by a celebrated author, published in neat pamphlet form and printed from large, clear type on good paper. The titles are as follows: *Dora Thorpe,* by the author of "Lord Lynne's Choice"; *The Two Doctrines,* by Wilkie Collins; *Frascon Garland's Daughter,* by Miss Mulock; *The Heir to Ashley,* by Mrs. Henry Wood; *Silas Marner,* by George Eliot, and *Cousin Henry,* by Anthony Trollope. *The first one hundred persons responding to this advertisement will each receive, in addition to the paper and books, an elegant* **Solid Gold Chased Band Ring,** *in cost, free.* This great offer is made to introduce our paper into new homes. Five subscriptions and five sets of the books will be sent for $1.00. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.* Address, S. H. MOORE & CO., 37 Park Place, New York.

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FREE Silks for Patchwork. Any lady sending 14 2c. stamps for three months subscription to the Home Guest, our Popular Literary Magazine, we will present free 1 package beautiful assorted Silk Blocks for patchwork, 1 package Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, 1 lovely Pongee Silk Handkerchief, size 9½x9, and 1 Book of Fancy Work, new stitches, designs, &c. THE H. L. SPENCER CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

60 Cards Fine Chromos, your name on, 10c. by mail, 13 hidden name new kind, 20c. 25 plain gold edge 10c. Agents wanted, big pay. Send 6c. for beautiful 48 samples to canvass with. ROLLEY CARD WORKS, Meriden, Conn.

For a 50c. order we send a lovely knife or an Autograph Album or pretty ring

MEN ONLY. A quick, Permanent Cure for Lost Manhood, Debility, Nervousness, Weakness. No quackery. Indispensable Proofs. Book by mail, sealed, 10 cents, unsealed, FREE. ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

LADIES A RARE BOOK, just out. "How to Develop the Bust and form." Full explanation. The only method. Mailed sealed for 20c. Address P. O. Drawer 179, Buffalo, N. Y.

Free TRIAL. Send for NERVITA, a reliable cure for Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Lost Vitality, &c. Free package mailed for 12 cts in postage. Dr. A. G. BLISS, Box 2127, CHICAGO, ILL.

40 CARDS, all covered name, Silk Fringed, Gilt Edge Hidden Motto and Embossed, with name 10c., 3 pks and present 30c. West & Co., New Haven, Ct.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

300 New Scrap Pictures and Agent's Album of Samples mailed for 10c. U. S. Card Co., Centerbrook, Ct.

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A PICNIC for Agents, Costing us $4000. Agents wanted everywhere for our new patent French rubber appliances for ladies; and other new sanitary and hygienic undergarments for ladies and children. Success sure; entirely new. To the first 1000 Agents we offer 1,000 $4.00 outfits entirely **FREE.** Address at once, with 4c. stamp, Sanitary Appliance Co., 110 Clybourne Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful Electric Corsets. Sample free to those becoming agents. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Address DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway St., N. Y.

CANVASSERS wanted for a book just out. Send name on postal. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, Box 320, St. Louis, Mo.

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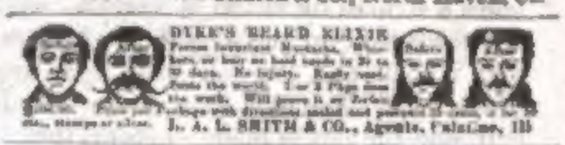
AGENTS coin money collecting Family Pictures to enlarge; all styles. Pictures guaranteed. Special inducements. EMPIRE COPYING CO., 34 Canal Street, N.Y.

50 Satin Embossed Cards, with name, 10c. (not the cheap 10c embossed pack) 5 packs and this Rolled Gold Seal Ring for 30c. Agts.' Album, 25c. **Atlling Bros. Northford, Ct.**

40 Hidden Name and Embossed Cards and this Perfume Sachet 10c. or 5 pks., 5 Sachets, Large Sample Book and this Pearl Ring for $1. Box of Paints 10c. **Clinton & Co., North Haven, Ct.**



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TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send you a valuable treatise upon the above diseases, also directions for self-cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED portions or organs of the body enlarged and restored to proper size and vigor. Particulars, Medical Testimony, &c. sent sealed free. ERIE MED. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Biggest Thing Out Illustrated Book sent Free (new) E. NASON & Co., 120 Fulton St., New York.

60 New Style, Embossed Hidden Name and Chromo Visiting Cards no 2 alike, name on, 10c., 12 packs $1. Warranted best sold. Sample Book, 3c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

70 Chromo Cards and Tennyson's Poems mailed for ten 1-cent stamps. Acme Mfg. Co, Ivoryton, Ct.

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IF IT IS

HARD TIMES WITH YOU,

Resort to the Remedy that Nine-tenths-9-10-of the Sufferers Require, thereby Saving Continuous Debility and Expensive Medical Attendance.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

New Publications.

Few novels have been awaited with the interest of "Trajan," by Henry F. Keenan, which Messrs. Cassell & Company will issue in a few days. "Trajan" is an international story, the principal characters are Americans and the scene is laid in Paris, during the exciting days of the Commune. Horace Howard Furness, the Shaksperean scholar, and Geo. H. Boker, the poet, give the story the highest praise.

"The Fine Art Library," edited by J. C. L. Sparks, announced some time ago by Messrs. Cassell & Company as in course of preparation will be inaugurated in a few days by the publication of two volumes, "The English School of Painting," by Ernest Chesneau, translated by L. N. Etherington, with a preface by John Ruskin, and the "Flemish School of Painting," by Prof. A. J. Wauters, translated by Mrs. Henry Roesel. These books are beautifully printed and abound with illustrations representing the masters, whose work is described.

"Within the Shadow," by Dorothy Holroyd. 12mo., $1.25. This volume is the latest addition to the famous "V. I. F." series, and is a story of such brilliancy and power as to at once entitle its author to recognition as a writer of high ability. The plot she here sets herself to work out is ingenious, and yet not complicated or improbable. The heroine is Cecil Chester, a young girl who has been tenderly and carefully nurtured, and whose unusually fine natural gifts have been developed by judicious culture. By the death of both her parents she is suddenly left alone in the world, without relatives and without money. Of an independent spirit she rejects all offers of help from friends, choosing rather to avail herself of her accomplishments to support herself. She enters the home of a wealthy widow as a companion, and while there, by an extraordinary combination of circumstances, is made to appear as having committed a criminal offence, for which she is arrested and brought to trial. The story of her sufferings is vividly told, and the chapter in which the climax is reached is strongly dramatic. The book cannot help making a sensation. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers. For sale by J. B. McCullough, 1016 Arch St.

MAGAZINES.

An informing and timely article on the "Framers of the Constitution," with twenty or more portraits, is the opening gem of the beautiful *Magazine of American History* for April. The other articles of the number are of exceptional merit, including as usual a wide range of topics. Dr. Charles W. Parsons, of Providence, writes of, Belimont and Rasle in 1699. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., treats of, Ancient Chicago, in a most agreeable fashion; Mr. Frederic N. Luther contributes a bright and readable paper on, Jefferson as a Naturalist; Professor Theodore W. Dwight, the head of the Columbia College Law School, adds a short article on the Fairfax Family; John Estan Cooke furnishes an argument on the Pocahontas question; and Charles Ledyard Norton continues his Political Americanisms. Original Documents, Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, Book Notices are all crowded with agreeable material. The *Magazine of American History* is one of the few leading magazines that from time to time delights its audience with an exquisite frontispiece in steel, as in this current number. Price, $5.00 a year in advance. Published 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

The April *Wide Awake* has a frontispiece suggestive of spring and apple blossoms, although the atmosphere at this writing is more suggestive of the Arctic regions. It illustrates a poem by Mrs. Butler. Sarah Prescott Kellogg contributes a beautiful Easter poem. There are short stories by Rose Terry Cooke, Ellen Olney Kirk, Helen Sweet and other popular writers. "The Gypsies" is the title of the leading illustrated article, by Mrs. Catherwood. Yan Phou Lee, in his series, "When I was a Boy in China," gives an interesting chapter entitled "Girls of My Acquaintance." The serials include a strong story by Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree) entitled "Down the Ravine," which will interest old as well as young readers. In the "Chautauqua Readings" Rose Kingsley in her Westminster Abbey series gives the history of the beautiful and famous, Cradle Tomb; E. E. Hale writes about Bayard, Mrs. Whitman of wood engraving, and Mrs. Fremont of Mrs. Madison, the wife of President Madison, and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton. There are many other poems, sketches, jingles, and pictures in the number. Terms, $3 a year, D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

DAME FASHION has set the charitable people of London to giving breakfasts to unemployed workingmen.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If en route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

NO SOUND WITHOUT AIR.

IN 1705 the philosopher Hawksbee proved before the Royal Society that air is absolutely necessary to the propagation of sound.

He placed a bell in the receiver of an air pump, so that the air could be withdrawn whilst the bell was continually struck. When the air was almost exhausted scarcely any sound could be heard; but the experiment was not entirely successful, as a perfect vacuum was not obtained.

When however, the air has been completely withdrawn from a glass vessel, no sound is audible, although the stroke on the bell can be plainly seen, and a clear, ringing tone is heard directly the glass vessel is refilled with air.

The intensity of a sound, therefore, depends on the density of the air in which the sound is generated, and not on that of the air in which it is heard.

Thus, a pianoforte heard in a rarified atmosphere appears to lose much of the intensity of its tone; indeed, if the chamber were completely filled with a light gas, such as hydrogen, the sound would be almost inaudible.

Sound, like radiant heat and light, is a wave motion, and, like them, it may be conveyed to a distance without greatly impairing its intensity.

Biot, the celebrated French philosopher, found that he could hold a conversation in a low voice through an iron tube (one of the empty water-pipes of Paris, three thousand one hundred and twenty feet in length), and that the slightest whisper was distinctly heard at that distance.

This is accounted for by the fact that the air pulsations, or waves, instead of flowing in all directions, are concentrated into a comparatively small column by the reflecting interior surface of the pipe.

MELBOURNE, Ark., with a population of 250 has four churches, any one of which will hold the entire population.

THERE is a wide-spread and serious prevalence of disorders of the kidneys: and of various diseases caused by the imperfect operation of the kidneys and liver. According to Roberts, Thompson, and other recognized authorities, kidney disorders are very common, but the obscurity of their positive symptoms is so marked that many people, ill and out of sorts generally, are really victims of kidney complaint, and they and their physician do not realize it. Rheumatic pains, irregular appetite, frequent headache, chills and fever, "blues," hot and dry skin, sour stomach, dyspepsia, irregular action of the bowels, nervous irritability, muscular soreness, cramps, languor, impairment of memory, loss of virility, are among the preliminary evidences of coming kidney and liver derangements. As the disease develops, then follow lame back, swelling ankles, pale face, scalding sensations, the water sometimes being very light and abundant, at others scarce, dark-colored and frothy, and abounding in sediment, and, under the microscope, in albumen and tube casts. If the deranged kidneys are not promptly attended to there is danger of the terrible Bright's Disease—hitherto considered incurable, which is a consumption or destruction of the kidneys—the near approach of which alarming disorder should awaken the liveliest concern, for it soon hurries one into the grave unless promptly checked.

Disordered kidneys have the unfortunate effect also of weakening the vigor of the liver, as indicated if one has, besides the above symptoms, yellow spotted skin, fat covered eye-balls, frontal headache after eating, burning itching skin, cold extremities, hot head, bad circulation of blood, sick headache, nausea, light colored evacuations, constipation, piles, variable appetite and feelings, dizziness, blurred eyesight, liver-cough, ague, chills, fevers, wakefulness at night, drowsiness by day, etc.

These are some of the commoner symptoms as laid down by leading medical authorities, and with them in view one ought not to have much trouble in ascertaining if he is suffering from disorders of these great organs

These observations have been called forth by a double-column article which appears in another place in this paper. Skeptical of some of the statements made therein, and at other times by the same persons, we have been led to make a little study of the matter ourselves, with the above result. These diseases prevail amongst young and old everywhere, resulting in terrible and untimely deaths; they take off more people than epidemics; physicians report death as occurring from such diseases as apoplexy paralysis, convulsions, heart disease, pneumonia, fevers, etc., when in reality these disorders are often secondary to Bright's disease and would seldom occur were the kidneys in healthy working condition. Hence, from personal knowledge, or from the trustworthy experience of other competent judges, we believe there is no preparation equal to the remedy that is so prominently mentioned elsewhere in this issue, for preventing and curing the dangerous disorders of which we have written.

It has an extraordinary sale, is everywhere commended, the record of its work seems indisputable, its manufacturers are reputed to be men of the highest standing. We hold, therefore, that not to use it, if needed, would be a crime against one's supremest interests, especially at this time when, threatened by a fearful epidemic, it is of the highest importance, according to Dr. Koch, the celebrated German cholera specialist, that we keep the kidneys, liver and digestive organs in healthy action, if the scourge would be escaped.

ONLY A SISTER TO HIM.

He lifted his face to the starlight dim,
And all that he saw was a proud, dull sky;
And the stars that twinkled looked to him
Like the phosphorescent gleams of the fire-fly.
The new moon hung in an awkward shape,
And was crooked and bent like the horn of a ram;
The sombre maples seemed hung with crape,
And the garden gate banged to with a slam.

The brook oozed over the slimy stones
From stagnant pools in the meadow marsh;
Or it crooned along with plaintive moans,
And the song of the whip-poor-will was harsh.
He jabbed his ribs on the clumsy stile,
For dark as pitch was the dusty lane
And his thin lips curved in a bitter smile,
As he smote the weeds with a spiteful cane.

Rough, and ugly, and long was the way,
The skies were dull, and the earth was cold;
He hated the sight, and he dreaded the day,
And his heart seemed a hundred centuries old;
With the dirge of his sighs he timed his tread,
As one who pondereth bitter things;
But he only whispered with drooping head,
And a heart that wondered—"Kicked by jings!"

—R. J. BURDETTE.

Humorous.

Use me well and I'm everybody, scratch my back and I'm nobody. A looking-glass.

There ought to be no cheating at checkers, for they are always played "on the square."

I am taken from a mine, and shut up in a wooden case, from which I am never released, and yet I am used by almost everybody. A lead-pencil.

What force or strength can't get through, I with gentle touch can do; and many in the street would stand, were I not as a friend at hand. A key.

Pray tell us, ladies, if you can, who is that highly-favored man, who, though he's married many a wife, may be a bachelor all his life. A clergyman.

There is a thing that nothing is, and yet it has a name: 'tis sometimes tall, and sometimes short, it joins our walks, it joins our sport, and plays at every game. A shadow.

"Hey, Sambo, wha' d'ye leave yo' last boardin' place fur?" "Oh, dey charge too much fur dis yer darkey." "Wha' dey charge?" "Dey charge me wid stealin' de spoons, and so I lef'."

Two travelers being robbed in a wood, and tied to trees, one of them, in despair, exclaimed, "Oh, I am undone!" "Are you?" said the other, joyfully; "then I wish you'd come and undo me!"

Statistics show that one hundred thousand people are killed by whiskey where one person is killed by a mad dog. And yet most everybody would rather tackle a glass of whiskey than a mad dog.

A gentleman, apologizing for language used, said: "I did not mean to say what I did, but the fact is that, as you will see, I have had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words slip out of my mouth every now and then without my knowing it."

"Now," said the photographer, taking hold of the cloth over the instrument, "are you all ready?" "Yes," replied the customer. "Well, just keep your eye on that sign," he said pointing to a legend on the wall, which read: Positively no credit, "and look pleasant."

A very fat man for the purpose of quizzing his doctor asked him to prescribe for a complaint which he declared to be sleeping with his mouth open. "Sir," said the doctor, "your disease is incurable. Your skin is too short; the consequence is that when you shut your eyes your mouth is obliged to open!"

A little boy brought a visitor into the garden to see a house he had just finished for his rabbits. The visitor admired it very much, and asked him who showed him how to do it. "No one," said he, "I made it all out of my own head." "Yes," remarked his younger brother, anxious to have a say in the matter, "and he's wood enough left for another."

YOUNG MEN!--READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

ROBERT LADENT,

supposed to have been a clergyman in Philadelphia; or Rachael Rainbird, or Wolf, his wife. Her sister, Mary Ann, wants to her from her. Address, Wm. Crawford, 28 N. B. Buildings, Coatbridge, Scotland.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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RICHLY BOUND IN
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109 FULTON ST., N. Y.
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Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

My Cat.. an elegant colored plate of Pinks, and 3 large sample papers Choice Flower Seeds, 10c.; 12 papers, large Pansies, Asters, Everlastings, Pinks, &c., no 2 alike, and mixed colors of each for 25c. Goodell, the Seed Grower, Amherst, Mass.

R. R. R.

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS
Colds,
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Inflammation,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
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Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,
AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any Inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

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For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver complaints, etc.

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Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

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Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 30, 40 and 60 years of age, by

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.
RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE exaggerated shapes latterly in vogue in hats and in some bonnets have not been moderated this Spring. The hats have enormously high crowns still; some rather square, some very sharply conical. The gable front reappears, both for round hats and in a more modest form for bonnets. The popular straw is English Dunstable, or an imitation of the same. For bonnet shapes there are a good many more or less happy innovations in the way of fancy borders, the braid being plaited to resemble pointed leaves, very narrow and overlapping, or forming little tufts of loops over both brim and crown, etc., etc. The brim, in bonnets and hats both, is occasionally of a different shade from the crown. So a high, pointed, fawn-colored straw hat has a turned-up brim of dark brown, and a lightish gray-green crown has a Russian green straw border. These turned-up brims, wider and higher in front than behind, are in great numbers and probably will prove more becoming to many than the straight brims, narrow behind and widening in front, which, however, have reappeared in as great force as ever this Spring.

The trimmings are all massed in the front as they have been all along, but they are higher and more abundant than ever. They consist of gauze and surah ribbons and scarfs figured, of embroidery or net, of smooth aigrette feathers and quills, of flowers (velvet, with light feathery grasses), and of very short full tips, but the latter are in the minority. A certain number of long plumes are seen, but nothing to speak of. Strings still continue quite narrow. A large number of fancy gilt and silver pins are used to fasten the trimming loosely here and there. Generally it would appear that browns, with some brightening touches of yellow and orange, not too lavishly used, and all the fashionable greens, ranging from Russian to "cresson," "absinthe" and "chartreuse," are to be chiefly conspicuous. There is less red than in former seasons. Neither yellow, nor orange, nor bright green will prove as becoming as the reds did; and the change is pleasant principally because the latter had been overdone, rather.

Hosiery in silk and Lisle thread is still perfectly plain and in dark solid colors for every-day wear. Various attempts have been made to bring in white and unbleached hosiery again, but they have proved unsuccessful, as well they may. All the stockings that are not quite plain now have the embroidery or the stripes, or whatever else the ornamentation may be, confined to a narrow band on the front of the foot. This shows with a low shoe or slipper and is all that is required. A pair of dark garnet silk stockings for evening wear are embroidered upon the instep in white silk and small seed pearls, the latter representing little bunches of grapes, and the floss forming the grape leaves. Slippers and in bronze kid, in patent leather, in satin, embroidered on the short vamp with jet. An embroidered band with the latter passes over the instep.

Some bronze and black kid slippers have plaited fans starting upward from the vamp. This is very becoming to the foot, making the toe seem quite narrow by contrast and the instep high. Ties will be more largely used than ever, and are made of bronze and of black kid and of light yellowish brown, with black heels and soles and foxings. These latter are for use in the country, at the seaside, in the mountains, etc. The high Louis XV. heel is still seen, but not considered as "correct" as the flat heel for boots or ties, nor, indeed, for slippers, for that matter, though some ladies always prefer it for the house and for dancing, and never wear anything else under those circumstances. Pocket handkerchiefs are grander than ever before, but in numerous remarkably pretty and taking designs. The colored centre has become quite domesticated, as it were, but is only permissible in the very finest and most transparent batiste. It is no longer confined to pale blue, ecru, but is shown in the darkest blue and in a very effective shade of Pompeiian red.

The corners are delicately embroidered in white. A novelty is a crenellated border, little square tabs in pink, for instance, on a pale ecru ground, and the open edges worked with red or dark blue. With all the striped dresses to appear later on, the new handkerchiefs with striped borders reproducing the blurred yet vivid colorings of tandanas will be in order. Something quite new is the "belt handkerchief." Its character is clearly indicated by its name. It is diminutive in size, being intended simply for what invidious criticism would call "effect." It has a pretty colored centre and must match or contrast happily with the dress. Its delicately worked edges protrude gracefully from the belt, and it has no superfluous bunchy bulk to be stowed and to form an ugly protuberance at the waist.

The belt handkerchief will find its place very successfully in the economy of nature when all the pretty, light Summer dresses come to be worn. There is no change to chronicle in the department of gloves. Tan Soudes have proved too satisfactory in every way to be speedily relinquished. Shorter lengths are worn in the street than hitherto—that is, six or eight button lengths—because linen cuffs have been adopted with walking dresses, and more wrinkled kid would only be in the way. For the evening the nearer the glove comes to the shoulder the better. The newest fans are of crepe, black, white and colored, very delicately embroidered, perfectly transparent, and utterly useless for any purpose of affording coolness, but very pretty.

Bath caps of turkish toweling are shown among the new things and fill a "long felt want." They are loose and straight, with wide collars and cuffs, finished as to the latter and down the open front with bands of fine colored embroidery on the white crepe de China or silk. These wrappers are most comfortable to throw about the person on going to and from the bathroom. Fine soft, light-weight single blankets are occasionally used for the same purpose, with the fulness of the middle plaited into a wide Watteau fold in the back; the sleeves, collar and fronts have the red, blue or pink border as a finish and the whole thing is bound with ribbon to match. As a reaction from the stiff dude collar there are very pretty linen collars with turn-down corners, embroidered. Colored and ecru nets are used to make trimmings for the neck and sleeves of house dresses. With very elegant toilets white crepe lisse ruffllings are used that are sprinkled with diminutive seed pearls or gilt dots. But plain ruching and ruffling are on the wane.

Pretty neck trimmings have a standing collar of velvet, covered with Egyptian or Oriental lace, and a loose plastron of the lace depending from the same and caught to the dress near the waist with a bunch of very narrow ribbon loops. Colored crepe, without lace, makes pretty neck dressings also. One model consists of pale pink crepe, in flat folds, descending to the bust over a heart-shaped opening, and has little loops of gold tinsel all over it. It is asserted that more will be used for dresses, hats and mantles than ever this Spring, but it is evident that this supremacy will have to be largely shared with gilt and silver (particularly gilt) under all their possible applications.

The coiffure of the near future is the "catogan," or braid or coil of hair falling very low in the neck, and fastened by a bow of ribbon. For the evening the braid will be transformed into a bunch of curls.

In Paris where the high coiffure has been universal for a year and a half past, this new change may be looked for, and is, to some extent, indeed, an accomplished fact. But with us the high coiffure may only be said to have fairly come in now, so it is not probable that the "catogan" will find immediate favor yet awhile. There is, however, a growing tendency to dress the hair more and more elaborately, adding many ornaments for ceremonious occasions. A charming novelty for people with dark hair consists of pins with yellow glass ball heads, resembling topazes. Dog collars, of jet and wrought silver, are conspicuous among the new fancy articles. They are a very nice finish to the many waists with plastrons now worn, and to be worn. A pretty wrap for Summer evening wear is shown among some recent importations. It consists of two deep flounces of white lace, and is to be loosely wound about the shoulders, one end being finished with a flowing skirt of ribbon.

Fireside Chat.

SOME METHODS OF PREPARING FOOD.

TO begin at the beginning, we will first take roasting and boiling, and proceed afterwards with soup, stews, hashes, etc. We will consider then that our first care is to roast a joint of meat, which, though an extravagant, is a necessary form of cooking.

The primary object of cooking is, as mentioned above, to render the food more easily digested, and ensure the body receiving strength and nourishment without suffering exhaustion in efforts to assimilate what through want of working can never be assimilated. In all countries the degeneracy of national power has gone hand in hand with gluttony and excess, for as soon as people live that they may eat, instead of eating that they may live, they become enervated and luxurious, and the weakness of the individual is the ruin of the State.

The first matter to be considered is the selection of the meat, and the most important is neglected by many people who stay at home, receiving whatever a butcher thinks fit to send, and who thus lose the opportunity of ensuring by personal supervision the certainty of having good meat to cook; to those who still continue to inspect their own meat, a few hints on its selection may be welcome. In choosing either beef or mutton, see that the grain is not coarse, and the meat presents a fresh appearance, soft to the touch. All meat should be hung as long as possible before cooking, to prevent toughness; and, as in hanging the juices evaporate and weight is lost, it is therefore advisable to buy, when possible, meat already hung.

Roasting appears the method most suited to developing to the full all the flavors of the meat; a good and carefully regulated fire is necessary to obtain perfection in this art. It should be so constructed as to be clear and brisk when the meat is first put down, and thus the external albuminoids may be coagulated and form a surface through which the juices may be unable to flow freely. If this fierce heat be continued the meat will burn, hence the temperature must be gradually lessened, without allowing the fire to become hollow and low. To attain this, careful preparation of the fire must be made before cooking is attempted. Many mistakes and failures are due to a neglect of this precaution; the meat frequently coming to the table quite black outside, and almost raw within, or so dry and tasteless as to suggest sawdust and shavings as a pleasant alternative.

Baking exactly reverses the process described as needful. The heat is gradually raised instead of lowered, and consequently the meat is never so tender and easily digested as when roasted. No reliable time can be given for roasting, because the nature and qualities of the meat vary. About two hours for seven pounds of beef, and one hour and three-quarters for a leg of mutton of the same weight, or, roughly speaking, about a quarter of an hour to the pound will be generally found sufficient.

If the fire be constructed as just explained, it will be found that very little of the juice of the meat will escape, and as continual basting is absolutely essential to develop the flavors of the meat and prevent scorching, some dripping must be placed in the pan a little while before the meat is set down; this will rapidly dissolve, and mixing with some of the juice, which must escape from the joint, will form not only a useful substance for basting, but also the foundation of an excellent gravy.

To tell when meat is done, press the fleshy part with a spoon, when, if the meat yield to the pressure it will be sufficiently cooked; in the case of poultry or game, the flesh of the leg may be tried in the same way. When the meat is nearly done, sprinkle it over with a little salt, and put the ends of the joint to the fire.

If the meat is required to be frothed, dredge, lightly, a little well-dried flour over the surface, and give it time to crisp.

The other method of which we will now treat, forms, while roasting, the two standard ways of cooking: boiling is by far the easiest and most wholesome manner of cooking yet discovered, but even in this simple process care must be taken, or the meat will be spoiled.

The saucepan in which the meat is placed should be very clean, and to secure this important point it must be well washed and scoured; if the pan be enamelled, it should be scoured with wood ashes in preference to sand, since they will not scratch and tear the lining, and the alkali of the ash, uniting with the grease of the pan, forms a soap, and thus effect what no amount of grit or water alone could possibly accomplish. The saucepan must be filled sufficiently full of water to well cover the meat; at the bottom place a plate or saucer; this allows the water to gain free access to every part of the meat, and prevent it sticking to the bottom.

If procurable, clear rain water is the best to use; wait therefore till it boils, and then, after three minutes, draw the saucepan to one side, and continue the cooking at a temperature of about 170° or 190° Fahrenheit, i. e., about 30° or 40° below the boiling point. When the temperature is lowered in accordance with the directions given above take care not to be misled by what ignorant people term gently boiling, the best at which the bubbles of air released is absolutely the same whether the surface of the water shows only a gentle or a boisterous bubbling.

A quarter of an hour for a pound of meat, and a quarter of an hour over will generally be found sufficient to thoroughly cook it; but if the weight is above six pounds, allow a half an hour over.

It is impossible to boil anything without a scum rising, which must in all cases be well skimmed off, or it mixes with the food, spoiling both its appearance and its flavor. As the water in which meat is cooked will always draw off and absorb some of the juices and nutriment, it should be carefully preserved and made the foundation of a soup.

HIGH PRICES.—It is estimated that the poor, buying in small quantities, incur unnecessary expense in the following ratio: For an ounce of washing soda the poor trading at small shops pay one cent; a grocer will deliver it for three cents a pound. For flour by the pound they pay a sum equal to $9.80 a barrel for a $5 article. They buy butter at the rate of $5 a tub, which would cost half that amount. A half-pound of sugar costs them five cents, while a pound would be but two cents more. For a twenty-five cent tea they pay forty cents; for a fifteen cent they pay thirty.

NEW YORK has at least 150 professional tea tasters.

Correspondence.

ANN.—The mother of David does not appear to have been considered worthy of a place in Samuel or Kings.

T. B.—The "hanging gardens" of Babylon were merely gardens formed like so many terraces rising one above another.

T. A. M.—As it is against our rule to advertise particular houses in this column; we have referred your letter to a reliable concern, that will communicate with you.

SUB.—There is no real significance in the position of a stamp upon an envelope, save that it is more convenient for the postal officials to have it on the upper right-hand corner.

SPOT.—Washington has neither Mayor nor Council, and its residents do not vote for President or Congressmen unless they are Government employees, when they go home to their own States to exercise the right of suffrage.

LAFAYETTE.—We cannot say exactly when the half-eagle was coined for the first time, but it was probably in 1794 or thereabouts. A letter addressed to the Director of the Mint, this city, would doubtless get you more definite information.

J. L. R.—It is quite possible for any individual who perseveres, to make an electric coil, a galvanic battery, an electrical machine, etc., but unless he is a student of electricity, with time at command, it will be much cheaper for him to purchase such things ready-made.

READER.—The tenant may refuse the owner permission so enter the premises for examination in view o a proposed sale. The tenant is the owner for the time being, and the owner can only enter to get his rent, make repairs authorized by the lease, or by the tenant, etc.

MIRANDA.—You have been teasing your lover, and now you are sorry for it. Your conduct has been most foolish, and you cannot be surprised at his coolness. The next time he addresses you, adopt a conciliatory—nay, more, a penitential demeanor—and we dare say all will yet be well.

M.—We have frequently advised correspondents to let freckles on the face alone. Lemon juice and salt, or any other acid, will gradually lighten them, but is very apt to cause a roughness and coarseness of the cuticle far more unpleasant to the sight than the honest-looking "sun-kisses."

ROBERT.—In French society an introduction to a partner for a dance is unnecessary; gentlemen have the privilege of asking any lady they may think fit; the fact of being present is considered as being of sufficient guarantee on the part of the host or hostess for the respectability of their guests.

MONTROSE.—The Queen is said to hold a "drawing-room" when ladies, and a "levee" when gentlemen, are presented. The usual expense in fees and the like, attending a presentation is $1,500 each person. The advantage consists in being thereafter privileged to enter the best society and all court circles of the world. The requirements before one is allowed to be presented at court are very strict.

ETIQUETTE.—A man need not be cordial, or friendly, in return of a salutation; but under the circumstances in which you were placed, he is bound to be polite. You could have been as polite as a Chesterfield to the person to whom you were so rude, and yet made him feel that there was an impassable gulf between you, without at all marring the general harmony of the occasion. You will probably see this matter in the same light which we do, after thinking it over seriously.

S. K.—The first hour in 1885 was that from 12 to 1 o'clock A. M., of January 1, last. 2. In early Roman times the year began with the Winter solstice, but was put over until January 1, by Julius Cæsar. It did not remain so, however, and up to 1564, several dates from December 5 till March 25, ended the old and began the new year. On that date Charles IX., of France, ordered the year in France to begin on January 1, after the old Roman style. In England from the 14th century to 1752, March 25 began the year.

T. M.—He seems to have exaggerated the importance of your visit to the fortune-teller along with your young female companions. It is a foolish thing for any one to visit such charlatans for a serious purpose, believing in their ability to reveal the future; and when young people or old people visit them merely in sport, they choose a rather dubious method of amusement. Still, girls and boys "will have their fun;" and when they happen, through inadvertence or otherwise, to commit an innocent indiscretion, it is a very ungracious thing for anybody, and especially for a lover, to make an extravagant fuss about it.

G. R.—The reason why bodies have different colors—some being black, some red, etc., is this: The rays of light are divided into seven different colors, namely: Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. When light strikes on a body, if this body be of a nature to reflect the whole of the rays without decomposing them, it will appear white, for white is an assemblage of all the colors. If it reflects the red ray, and absorb all the others, it will be red; if it absorb all the rays except green, it will appear green; if it absorb all the rays without exception, it will be black, for black arises from an absence of light.

NECROMANCER.—The raising of ghosts was a favorite exploit of the necromancers of old; the fame of Torralva, the Spanish magician, has been immortalized in "Don Quixote." The demons that the celebrated Italian artist, Cellini, describes as having seen when he got within the conjurer's circle, and which amazement magnified into several legions, are now believed to be merely figures produced by a magic lantern, and their appearing in an atmosphere of perfumes is accounted for by the burning of odoriferous woods, in order to dim the vision of the spectators. When the Emperor Charles IV. was married to the Bavarian Princess Sophia, in the city of Prague, the father of the bride brought with him a wagon-load of magicians to assist in the festivities. Two of the chief proficients in the art—Zytho, the Bohemian sorcerer, and Guion, the Bavarian—appeared as rivals in an extraordinary trial of skill before an exalted assembly. After superhuman efforts to astonish, Zytho opened his jaws from ear to ear, and swallowed his competitor until his teeth touched his shoes, which he spat out, because, he said, they had not been cleaned. The admiration of the audience was succeeded by feelings of horror, but Zytho calmed their apprehensions by restoring Guion in his perfect corporeal proportions to life—a triumph of art inexplicable.